IS A NEW MUNICH AROUND THE CORNER?

Friday

JULY 25, 1941 • VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 24

"LET FREEDOM RING!"

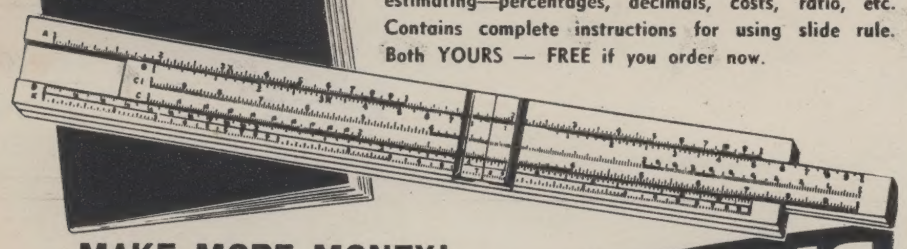
10¢

★ Fun at Coney Island

MATHEMATICS MADE EASY

FREE! IF YOU ACT NOW!

Valuable New Book, "Mathematics Made Easy," and Professional Slide Rule. Simplifies all calculating and estimating—percentages, decimals, costs, ratio, etc. Contains complete instructions for using slide rule. Both YOURS — FREE if you order now.



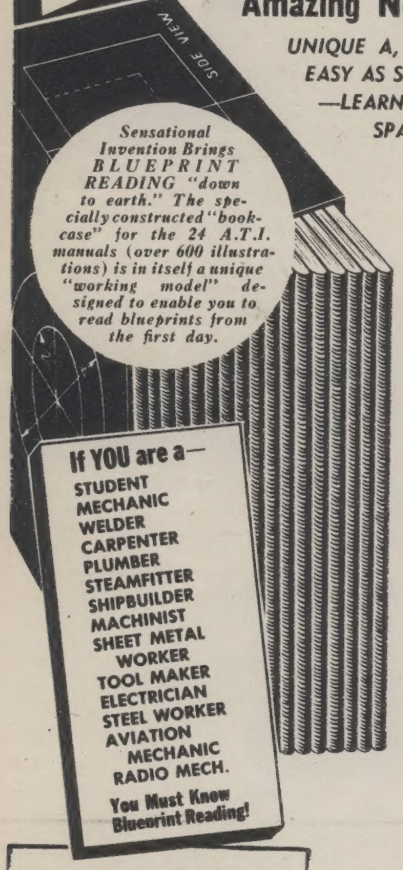
MAKE MORE MONEY!
WIN A BETTER JOB!

Learn BLUEPRINT READING

WITH THIS

Amazing New Invention

UNIQUE A, B, C METHOD—EASY AS SEEING A MOVIE —LEARN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME



Sensational Invention Brings BLUEPRINT READING "down to earth." The specially constructed "bookcase" for the 24 A.T.I. manuals (over 600 illustrations) is in itself a unique "working model" designed to enable you to read blueprints from the first day.

If YOU are a—
STUDENT MECHANIC
WELDER
CARPENTER
PLUMBER
STEAMFITTER
SHIPBUILDER
MACHINIST
SHEET METAL WORKER
TOOL MAKER
ELECTRICIAN
STEEL WORKER
AVIATION MECHANIC
RADIO MECH.

You Must Know Blueprint Reading!

Here it is at last! A quick, easy shortcut way to learn to read blueprints on sight. Created by top-ranking experts. It doesn't matter whether you're a mechanic, high school boy, office worker, student, plumber, carpenter, steamfitter, truck driver, or employed in any of the mechanical and DEFENSE industries—this is what you need—the surest, quickest way to win a better job and more pay for yourself. And it's yours at astonishingly low cost!

THRU NEW SHADOWGRAPH METHOD YOU READ BLUEPRINTS THE FIRST DAY!

MEETS BLUEPRINT REQUIREMENTS FOR CIVIL SERVICE AND NATIONAL DEFENSE JOBS

This sensational SHADOWGRAPH method of Blueprint Reading was perfected by a group of college professors, architects, engineers, a shipbuilding expert, and a former army engineer. They've eliminated all the technical phraseology — all the complicated details. They've boiled the whole thing down into 24 manuals (over 600 diagrams and illustrations) containing everything you need to know about reading blueprints, no matter what branch of industry you're in. Simple, complete, practical! No dry textbooks—you learn by seeing and doing—and you READ BLUEPRINTS from the very first day!

NOW ANYONE WHO CAN READ ENGLISH CAN READ BLUEPRINTS—QUICKLY—EASILY!

Here is the ESSENTIAL DATA you need to read even the most complicated mechanical drawings. Best of all you CAN ACTUALLY READ BLUEPRINTS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY! Everything you want to know is put right at your fingertips—in down-to-earth, plain language that anyone who can read English can understand.
We planned this new FAST way to learn blueprint reading so that you can put it right to work, winning that better job and bigger pay for you. You master it—not in months, or even weeks—BUT IN A COMPARATIVELY FEW DAYS.

An Amazing Bargain—SEND NO MONEY

Now it is up to YOU! Here is a shortcut to bigger pay and a better job if there ever was one. And here—at last—is a chance to learn Blueprint Reading in a comparatively few days—and for only a FEW DOLLARS. If you want to really do something about getting ahead—insure yourself of the opportunity of examining this unique method without obligation now while the first edition is still available. Send no money! All 24 books are yours for 5-day FREE EXAMINATION! Send them back if they don't live up to everything we claim for them. You have nothing to lose—success, bigger pay and new opportunities to gain! Mail the coupon NOW!

AUSTIN TECHNICAL INST.
Div. FR-7 899 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

These Noted Experts Created This Amazing Course

H. V. WALSH—B. A. Professor—Columbia University, New York City, Well-known Author and Lecturer listed in "Who's Who in America."

F. A. RAPPOLT—B. S., C. E., M. S., and P. E. Professor, School of Technology, College of the City of N. Y. Widely known Civil Engineer.

F. J. BURNS, B. S., M. E. Professor at Newark College of Engineering, N. J.

FREE YOURS FOR 5 DAY EXAMINATION

AUSTIN TECHNICAL INST., Div. FR-7, 899 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Send me your complete 24-volume Blueprint Reading Method and Working Model "bookcase." I am to get FREE "Mathematics Made Easy" and Professional Slide Rule. I'll deposit with postman $1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If I return the books within five days, you are to refund my money. Otherwise I will remit $2 monthly for three months, $1 for the fourth month. (Full price $8.95) 10% discount for full cash with order—same guarantee.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
REFERENCE .....
ADDRESS .....

SAVE Send first payment with coupon and we'll pay postage and C.O.D. charges. Every cent refunded if not 100% satisfied.

Among Our Letters

Last November Terry Edgar, our 17-year-old engraver's messenger boy, popped into our office and suggested that we do a story on roller-skating. We liked Terry and we liked his idea—and our story, *It Happens on Wheels*, in our issue of November 29th, 1940, was built around Terry, his favorite skating rink and his skating partner, Kay Benes.

. . . Terry Edgar was once our engraver's story-minded messenger boy, but now he's in the Navy. . . .

Since then Terry has joined the U. S. Navy. Last week he again popped into our office, this time in uniform. He is stationed at the Naval Training Station at Norfolk, Va., and is studying electrical engineering so that he will have a trade when he gets out. . . .

Frances Stewart and Arthur Lindh of Pittsburgh write: "This should be titled 'From Brickbats to Bouquets' because we were all set to write you a scathing letter on that last lousy issue. 'Has Gillmor lost his grip?' we asked ourselves when we saw so much space given to circuses and road shows—while your always significant article was lost in the shuffle. . . . But this *Friday* is hot! We would still rather see your article as soon as we open the issue. Everything else is on the plus side . . . from those bang-up stories on Hitler and Boom Town to that indispensable everyday stuff on Benny Goodman and Straws in the Wind. *Let Freedom Ring* in *Friday*. We're right with you when you put out such power house issues as this. . . ."

A Hoosier who begs us not to use his name writes: "Your story on that strip-teaser, *A Night With Ann Corio*, was ruthlessly shocking. Cancel my sub immediately!" . . . Our Hoosier friend, we're afraid, is the last of the vanishing race of blue-nosed Comstocks that once ran wild in America. His was the only letter we received complaining of our story

. . . The last of the Comstocks doesn't like her. . . .

on Miss Corio. Twenty years ago we would have been snowed under. His complaint reminds us of the lament of a man we once met who had made a good living for years running a penny arcade filled with little peep-show machines, such as *Up In Mabel's Room* and *Artists and Models in Paris*. He said: "Short skirts and bathing suits you could swim in ruined me." The only difference between him and our Hoosier ex-subscriber is that our peep-show man knew he was out of step. . . .

From San Francisco, G. K. writes: "I just read your article by R. O. Boyer, *The One Way to Beat Hitler*. It stirred me very much. Enough to write this letter. With all this dirty double dealing to build this up to a bigger-costing and longer-lasting war, why can't something be done? Why can't we common people do something or say something and be felt? My theory is that England's money lords are running this war. They started Hitler and gave him each European country so he could have plenty of resources for a long and expensive

Friday THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO TELL THE TRUTH

PRESIDENT: Dan Gillmor
BUSINESS MANAGER: Leverett S. Gleason
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Albert Q. Maisel
MANAGING EDITOR: Harry Henderson
COPY EDITOR: Jerome Klein
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Gabriel Zakin
PICTURE EDITOR: Sally Pepper
ART DIRECTORS: Sam Shaw, Ernest Cabat

FRIDAY is published bi-weekly by FRIDAY, INC., at 114 East 32nd Street, New York, N. Y., and re-entered as second-class matter May 8, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 1 year (26 issues) in the United States and Possessions, $2.50; Canada and Pan-American countries, $2.75; Foreign, $3.25. Single copy, 10c. Printed in the United States of America, copyright 1941 by FRIDAY, INC. All rights reserved. Manuscripts and pictures submitted should be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. Not responsible for the loss of manuscripts submitted. July 25, 1941, Volume 2, Number 24.

Among Our Letters

continued

war. Now they want us to stop Hitler. Why can't something be done?"

Mr. Boyer's article moved another to write—John Sylvestre of Boston, Mass. He says: "We hear on every hand today the word *Democracy*. I wish someone would define it. The upholders of exploitation say that is *Democracy*. If any dare dispute it, the cry arises "Red!" What is a "Red?" Would Human Rights and Humanity be a good substitute for that overworked word *Democracy*, that literally means so little, yet slips so glibly from the human tongue? Your plan for beating Hitler, Mr. Dooley would characterize as 'Very pritty! Very pritty!' and yet the cause of Hitlerism would still remain. . . ."

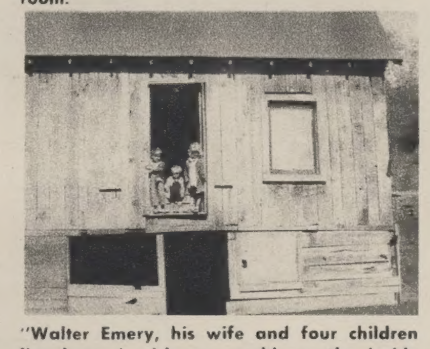
Earl King, E. G. Ramsay, and Frank Conner, whose story we told in our last issue, write from San Quentin, Calif., where they are imprisoned: "Your friendly article about the labor frame-up that sent us to San Quentin and has kept us behind the bars for five years already was appreciated by us very much. We wish to thank you for it. However, we would like your readers to know that there were many other interesting angles to the case that lack of space prevented you from telling. Those who are interested or want to help can learn the rest of the story by writing to the King-Ramsay-Conner Defense Committee, 593 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif., who have published a couple of eye-opening pamphlets. Until you have read them your education is not complete."

. . . No. 59816, Ernest G. Ramsay, writes from San Quentin . . .

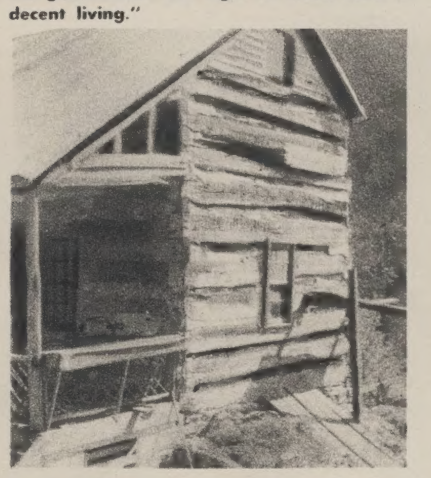
Mrs. J. C. Cook of Hollywood, Fla., writes: "I read *The One Way to Beat Hitler* with much interest and am glad to have the facts it gives. The historical statement I believe to be exact. I have not Mr. Boyer's optimism that President Roosevelt could "stop Hitler" in the manner recommended. I think the people of Europe understand the nature of the Roosevelt brand of "democracy" better than do a majority of the people of this country—but the people over here are learning. The people of this country have as much chance to vote on the issue of war and peace as the German people would have had if given a chance to choose between Hitler and Goering. Mr. Boyer's article did not give us the names of the "Inner Ring" that rules and ruins much of the world. Hitler, Churchill, Mussolini and Roosevelt are only the 'fronts.'"

M. L. Heller of Loudonville, Ohio, a town of 2,000 people in the midst of some of Ohio's most beautiful hills sent us these pictures of housing in his town. He says: "I know you hate to see poverty and you have shown your readers pictures of poverty all over the world. I am sending you pictures of this poverty-ridden place, China, Ohio."

M. L. Heller of Loudonville, O., says: "I'm standing in front of my shanty—12 by 16 feet and you eat, cook and sleep in one room."



"Walter Emery, his wife and four children live here. I wish you could see the inside of this shanty. You would be very angry. This man has very strong asthma but if the government was right he could earn a decent living."



For the picture above and the one below Mr. Heller sent no captions. Perhaps he felt they spoke for themselves.

Prize letter of the week came from Frank Walsh of Los Angeles, Calif., who wrote: "Dear Danny Boy, Just received my issue of *Friday*. Keep up the good work. We stopped to get our issue at one stand and the fellow said he did not sell it. He also said you were shanty Irish and therefore were prejudiced against the English. Well, I am Irish myself, Danny, shanty Irish too, with a love for everyone and not much confidence in English royalty. I didn't know whether to punch the dealer on the nose or picket the place. I think it would be swell,

. . . continued on page 4

Introducing the amazing new

REX **Ristlite**

98¢

COMPLETE WITH BATTERIES

Imagine a flashlight that you never have to "hold"... a flashlight that throws a clear 500-foot beam right where you want it; *yet gives you both hands free for work!*

The new Rex Ristlite snaps on your wrist like a wristwatch! Or, if you wish, Rex Ristlite's ingenious easel permits it to stand anywhere and *at any angle.*

Never again need you "struggle" with a flashlight when you want both hands to fix a car, tinker in the cellar, work in dark corners, or hike at night.

Rex Ristlite is a boon to every household . . . and a blessing to mechanics, plumbers, carpenters, and electricians. For sportsmen, campers, and army men, it's *indispensable!*

Made of smart, zephyr-light plastic in a choice of Red, Green, Black, Dark Blue or Khaki. Fitted with a G-E prefocused bulb. An unbreakable lens assures years of satisfactory service.

Get as many Rex Ristlites as you need, today. If your dealer isn't supplied yet, use the coupon below.

Postal Telegraph boys now use Rex Ristlites for night deliveries.

FLASHLIGHT CO. OF AMERICA

11-65 State St., Dept. F-1, Jersey City, N. J.

Because Rex Ristlite is new, not all retailers are supplied yet. If your dealer cannot serve you, order direct. Use this coupon—

FLASHLIGHT CO. OF AMERICA
11-65 State St., Dept. F-1, Jersey City, New Jersey

Please send me_____Rex Ristlites at 98c each.

Red ☐ Black ☐ Green ☐ Khaki ☐ Dark Blue ☐

☐ Cash Enclosed. Ship prepaid.

☐ Please send C. O. D. plus shipping charges.

(Note that you save shipping charges if cash accompanies this order.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

FROM THE FAR OFF GOBUR DISTRICT OF *ALGERIA*
COME THE CHOICE *BRIAR* ROOTS USED IN THESE *LUXURY*

Featherweight Pipes

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU PICKED A "FEATHERWEIGHT" PIPE . . . A TREAT WHEN THE WEATHER GETS HOT!

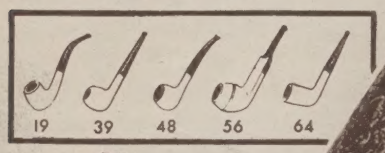
EVEN more surprising is the fact that these Algerian Featherweights, so light and comfortable, are made with a costly *inner cup** of smooth, virgin Gobur Algerian Briar . . . . . for richer appearance, for longer-lasting quality, and for a sweeter, more satisfying smoke. *And for all this you don't risk a cent!* We tell you how at the bottom of this ad.

These beautifully carved pipes compare magnificently with those in any man's collection. Under present difficult import conditions —if only for their beauty and value—you, as a wise pipe smoker, will be wiser still if you order the COMPLETE selection of shapes. Use these luxury pipes for your own pleasure or as fine gifts...in any case, you save a good deal of money at $1.00.

Amazing but TRUE only $1.00 POST PAID

TWO FAMOUS TOBACCOS FREE WITH EACH PIPE

Three Squires Tobacco is mild, friendly, mellow. A great value at 15¢. Original Rum and Maple — America's No. 1 Fine Tobacco . . . pocket-fit Pouch Size 15¢, also available in Foil Pack 25¢. At all stores in U.S. and Canada.



*VIRGIN INNER CUP

No. 86

1 FEATHERWEIGHT PIPE . . . reg. value . . $1.00
1 POUCH *Original* RUM and MAPLE PIPE MIXTURE Blend 53 15
1 FOIL PACK THREE SQUIRES TOBACCO 15
TOTAL VALUE $1.30

ALL FOR $1.00 POST PAID

AMAZING! EVEN MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK!

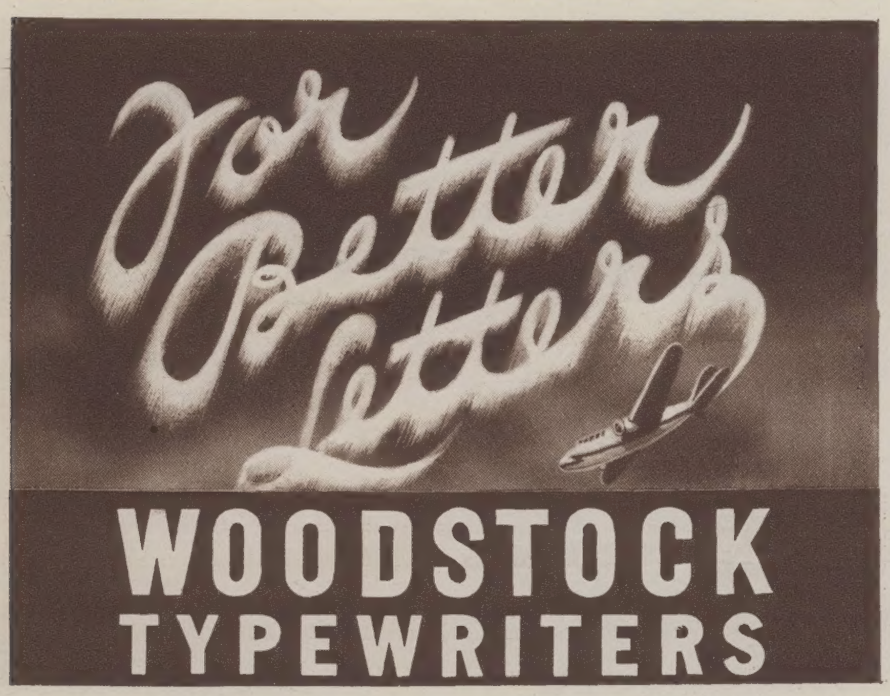
If, after trying one of these pipes with tobaccos, you are not entirely satisfied, just say the word. You keep pipe and tobaccos and we promptly return your money. Buy this great value at one of America's largest cigar, pipe and tobacco stores. Mail and phone orders filled. Specify shape wanted. Send check, money-order, cash or stamps to get your package fully prepaid by us, or send a postcard to us . . . you pay postman $1.00 plus 18c C.O.D. fee. Free catalogue of other Westminster values with each order.

STORE HOURS:
8:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.
Sat. 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

The House of Westminster, Ltd.
Pipe Purveyors & Tobacconists
191-E Fourth Ave. (Cor. 16 St.) N. Y. C.

Tel. ST. 9-1100

Read the INSIDE STORY
PAGE 36



Among Our Letters

. . . continued

Danny, if you could print an article on the Easter rebellion in Ireland in 1916 and some comment on that great Irish liberal, Terrence McSweeney, who starved to death in a London prison because he had the courage to demand Irish freedom." . . . Ireland's troubles today are more important than events of years ago, we think. Let Mr. Walsh read Brian MacEoin's article *Defenceless and Hungry Is My Ireland* on page 27 to see if he agrees with us. . . .

. . . found on a fence in Ensenada. . . .

David Weisman sends us the above stickers with the following message: "These are two stickers which I cut down from a fence in Ensenada, Mexico, on the west coast of Mexico on May 27th. They were pasted on fences and buildings all over the town, evidently to instill fear of the Nazis. Translated freely, the top one reads: "When You Eat, When You Sleep, When You Think, Always the Gestapo Is Vigilant," while the bottom one says: "For the All-Powerful Gestapo There Are No Secrets."

Jim Knox of Midvale, Pa., writes: "Dan Gillmor's signature wins him my nomination as the MOST ILLEGIBLE SCRAWLER OF 1941. It looks like chicken tracks to me."

PICTURE CREDITS

Cover: Eli Saxon
Pages 2-4: George Heyer, Louis Weintraub
Cartoons by Colin Allen
Pages 5-9: British Press Combine, European, International
Pages 10-12: Nina Leen—Pix
Pages 13-15: Staff photos by George Heyer; Fairchild Aerial Surveys (1)
Page 16: Eileen Darby and Yale Joel from Graphic House
Pages 17-19: Knopf—Pix
Pages 20-23: Eric Schall—Pix
Pages 24-25: Staff photos by Phil Stern
Page 26: Gordon Coster
Pages 27-29: British Press Combine, European, International, Black Star
Pages 30-31: Brown Brothers, Harris & Ewing, International
Pages 32-33: Jerry Cook—Pix
Pages 34-35: Nina Leen—Pix
Page 36: Acme, Max P. Haas, European,
Pages 38-39: Staff photos by Phil Stern

SWIMMING · TENNIS · BICYCLING · HORSEBACK · SOCIAL STAFF

VACATION VARIETIES

Tennis at its best on 4 fast clay courts—a private lake and swimming pool—2 badminton courts—handball—bicycling — 25 other outdoor and indoor sports, including photo darkroom and instruction. Sparkling entertainment by a brilliant Theatre Group. Dancing. Good food, fine company — modern quarters.

Rates: $25 to $35

Write or phone for illustrated folder
N. Y. OFFICE: 55 WEST 42nd STREET, Tel. LO 5-5157

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS
CHESTERS' Zunbarg
WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

CAMP COLEBROOK
in the BERKSHIRES

- Formerly an exclusive country club—now a magnificent new camp, altitude 1500 ft.
- 320 acres of pine and hemlock country on a private lake.
- Tennis, Handball, Archery, Croquet, Baseball, Water Sports, Orchestra. July Rates $25 and $27.50.

DIANA & ABE BERMAN, CAMP COLEBROOK
Colebrook River, Conn. N. Y. Phone AL. 4-0063

Have A Glorious Vacation!
ONLY 65 MILES FROM N. Y.

HILLTOP LODGE
On Beautiful SYLVAN LAKE
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
R. R. Station: Pawling, N. Y. Tel. Hopewell Jct. 2761
Every Conceivable Sport and Recreation
FREE GOLF • TENNIS • HANDBALL
BOATING • SWIMMING • PING PONG, Etc.
Our Meals Are Unexcelled

July and Aug. Rates $24.50 PER WEEK and UP
Week-Ends $5.00 DAY

Paul Wolfson and Sol Rothauser, Directors
N. Y. Office: 170 Broadway • COrtland 7-3958

Readers of FRIDAY—
"STAY and PLAY" at
MAUD'S SUMMER-RAY
NORTH BRANCH, SULL. CO., N. Y.
THRIFTY RATES
ALL SPORTS — PRIVATE LAKE — ORCHESTRA
DRAMATICS — MUSICALES — MARIONETTES
RHUMBAR
City Information DIckens 2-5786

Camp Lakeland
(Kinderland)
On the Beautiful Sylvan Lake
Hopewell Junction, N. Y.
Phone: Hopewell 175
City Office: 80 Fifth Ave.
Room 1208, Phone: GR. 5-2898
"Sports Lovers' Paradise"—says famous sports columnist about Lakeland.
•
Top Notch Entertainment . Dancing every night
All Sports
Best Accommodations . Chambermaid Service
Excellent Meals
•
$3.50 per day • $19 per week

Yours! **A WORLD OF FUN!**
Scenic beauty, well-stocked sports facilities, sparkling entertainment, dancing, music—everything to make each day a holiday. Cut yourself a slice of heaven—with an Allaben vacation. **July Rate: $25 Weekly**
Make Reservations NOW!
ALLABEN ACRES ALLABEN, N.Y.
N.Y. OFFICE: 55 W. 42nd St. (LOngacre 5-4685)

JULY 25, 1941

Friday

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 24

ALL OVER THE WORLD
GILBEY'S
SPEY ROYAL
SCOTCH WHISKY

Evening Standard

To-morrow's Weather—
Unsettled.

Lighting-up Time
To-day 7.42 p.m

No. 35,594 LONDON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1938 ONE PENNY

HAVANA
PUNCH
CIGARS

THE BIG FOUR AT MUNICH

Premier: "If at First You Don't Succeed..."

Hitler and Mussolini Meet Before the Talks

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, THE PRIME MINISTER, LANDED AT MUNICH AT 11.51 A.M. TO-DAY FOR HIS MOMENTOUS TALK WITH HERR HITLER, M. DALADIER AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

Just before he stepped into his airplane at Heston this morning the Premier said:

"When I was a boy I used to repeat, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' That is what I am doing.

"When I come back I hope I may be able to say, as Hotspur says in Henry IV., 'Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.'"

M Daladier landed at Munich at 11 15 from Le Bourget

Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini arrived together at 10 50. Herr Hitler had reached Munich at 7.50 in his special train and gone on to Kufstein, on the former Austro-German frontier, to meet the Duce whose train pulled in a few minutes later.

He and Count Ciano were warmly greeted on the station platform, and they travelled in Herr Hitler's train to Munich, accompanied by General Keitel, Chief of the High Command of the German forces, and Herr Himmler head of the secret police, and Herr Hess, Hitler's deputy

Herr von Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister met M. Daladier A German band played the "Marseillaise"

MEMBERS OF THE CABINET WERE THERE TO SEE THE PREMIER OFF. HERE ARE LORD HALIFAX AND SIR KINGSLEY

LONDON'S TORY *EVENING STANDARD* HEADLINES THE FIRST MUNICH. BRITAIN'S TORIES GOT WHAT THEY WANTED AT MUNICH, AND NOW THEY WANT IT AGAIN.

DO WE FACE ANOTHER MUNICH?

By WILLIAM and MARTHA DODD

IT WAS Saturday, May 10, 1941. The skies were darkening over the little airport town of Augsburg, Germany, when tall, beetle-browed, thin-lipped Rudolph Hess, Deputy Fuehrer of Nazi Germany, climbed into a Messerschmitt fighter, bade his aides goodbye, and took off for Scotland.

Peace rumors have been crackling around the world ever since. But they are not all rumors. Our four years' stay in the Nazi capital with the late Ambassador Dodd taught us something about Nazi diplomacy, and how it works. We came in daily contact with most of the Nazi chiefs, including Rudolph Hess, official apologist of the Nazi regime.

Hess was the trigger-man of the Nazi political machine. Next to Hitler himself, he was the most influential man in Germany. He was Hitler's deputy, Hitler's spokesman, Hitler's shadow. Brutal, conscienceless, viciously anti-Semitic, Hess was the man who carried out the bloody murders of Captain Ernst Roehm and his friends on the night of June 30, 1934. He was the organizer of the whole complicated and heartbreaking system of terror which rules Germany, and indeed all Europe, today.

We saw Hess fairly often in the spring of 1937 at various diplomatic and Nazi party functions. Gossip whispered Hess was sexually perverted. He

...continued on next page

Munich
. . . continued

ROOSEVELT

was always immaculately uniformed, always polite, always silent. Hess consciously modeled himself on his ideal of the English Gentleman. "Only the English know how to live and rule like gentlemen," he once told a friend of ours in the foreign press corps. He admired the English aristocracy almost as much as he admired Adolf Hitler. Next to Hitler, his closest friend was the 38-year-old premier earl of Scotland, the Duke of Hamilton. But Hitler was Hess's god. "Adolf Hitler is the Christ of our time!" He told a packed Nazi party meeting in Munich in 1936.

Nazi diplomacy is very simple, very direct and very effective. It is based on the assumption that governments operate on money, not morals; and that governments are made up of politicians who say what they don't mean in public to fool the people, and do what they can to profit themselves behind the scenes. Of course, even the Nazis recognize that there are honest, incorruptible representatives of the people. What are concentration camps for? But the honest politicians are not in the majority.

It took Rudolph Hess four hours to fly from Augsburg to Scotland. During those four hours the Nazi leader had plenty of time to think over what he was doing, to weigh all the pros and cons of his flight. What was Hess thinking, we wonder, as he sat in the cramped, glass-enclosed cockpit of his plane, flying through the drawn-out twilight of the upper Northern skies?

If we sized the man up correctly when we knew him in Berlin, we think Rudolph Hess was feeling pretty good. After all, this had happened before —at Munich in 1938. Then the British Prime Minister had flown to Nazi Germany. Now the Deputy Fuehrer was flying to Britain. There had come a point at which the interests of Britain had collided with those of Nazi Germany. On September 3, 1939, Neville Chamberlain had declared war. Britain challenged Germany's power to dominate the continent of Europe. Britain's ally was France.

France! Hess could smile at that. How these "Democratic" politicians talk! The politicians of France had certainly proved the Nazi thesis that governments operate on money, not morals. Fearing their own people, fearing the loss of their Empire, the Frenchmen of Vichy had come crawling to the forest of Compiegne on that warm day in June, 1940, to beg Hitler to name his terms.

DUKE OF HAMILTON, amateur aviator, boxer and Fascist, in correspondence with Hess since Sept., 1939.

RUDOLPH HESS REVERSED CHAMBERLAIN'S MUNIC FLIGHT AND WAS WEL MED IN LONDON BY CHAMBERLAIN'S FRIENDS.

KNOWS WHAT CHURCHILL WON'T TELL...

BRITAIN'S MEN OF MUNICH carry on as Britain's war leaders in spite of the loss of their first leader, Neville Chamberlain. Like poll-taxers in the U.S. Congress, these Tories keep a stranglehold on Britain's government. Hoare, Halifax, Hailsham and Simon, veteran appeasers, dictate foreign policy; Duff Cooper, Information; Burgin, Supply; Morrison, Food. Kingsley Wood is Chancellor of the Exchequer; Massey is Canadian High Commissioner; and Hore Belisha heads the "loyal opposition."

In Washington on June 14, the day before the French politicians sold out, President Roosevelt had made public a message from the French premier, Paul Reynaud, who pledged: "We shall fight in front of Paris; we shall fight behind Paris; we shall close ourselves in one of our provinces to fight, and if we should be driven out of it we shall establish ourselves in North Africa to continue the fight, and if necessary in our American possessions."

Would Britain's men of Munich prove any different in a crisis than their French counterparts and partners? Winston Churchill had picked up where Paul Reynaud left off, the same theme, almost the same words: "We will fight on the beaches, in the streets, in the villages . . . even if this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British fleet, would carry on the struggle. . . ."

The British rulers are "practical" men. They know the facts. Hitler is in control of Europe. Even as Rudolph Hess was flying towards Scotland, Britain's last continental foothold, Greece, was slippery with the blood of English soldiers. A phase of the conflict had come to its end. Already in the high-ceilinged room of the Military Planning Office in Berlin, tightly-buttoned Nazi generals were studying their maps of the Near East, drawing circles round Crete, Cyprus, Suez, Mosul, tracing the line towards India.

Reynaud wouldn't say so, but President Roosevelt must have known in June, 1940, that the men of Vichy were ready to sell out. Churchill won't say so now, but President Roosevelt must know Britain's men of Munich are no longer thinking of defeating Hitler in Europe. They are maneuvering for a favorable "peace," another armed truce, preparatory to switching the war in some other direction, if possible against the Russians.

Britain had fought hard to keep her hold on Europe, but the old lion was flabby, and her claws were not so sharp as they used to be. Britain's sprawling sea Empire, dependent on perilously extended communication lines, was outmoded by Hitler's totalitarian Continent. Britain could afford to "sacrifice" Austria, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and even her old rival, France. But now Hitler was ready to carry the war into the heart of Britain's most precious territory. The Nazis were pressing on the sensitive part of the old lion's anatomy—the pocketbook nerve in the East.

The Nazis, fearing the internal effects of a protracted war, which might bring revolution at home, were ready to make a deal. A settlement now—with the *status quo*—would leave Britain in control of at least a large part of her overseas Empire. Even if the war went on for another ten years, Britain could hope for nothing better than that.

There is only one great power on the continent

. . . continued on next page

COLD FACTS FACE BRITAIN'S RULERS

VICEROY OF INDIA, RULER IN THE KING'S NAME OF 350,000,000 PEOPLE, LANKY, NERVOUS LORD LINLITHGOW ON HIS THRONE SYMBOLIZES THE EMPIRE'S RICHES AND WEAKNESS.

of Europe strong enough to endanger, if not defeat, Hitler Germany. That power is Soviet Russia. "One must not conceal from ourselves," said hardheaded Lloyd George to the British House of Commons on September 10, 1939, seven days after the outbreak of war, "the enormous difference it would have made to our chances if at this hour the great air fleet of Germany, which is so appreciably facilitating the chances of her armies in Poland, were confronted by an equally powerful air fleet of Russia—and if two powerful Russian armies were advancing one upon East Prussia, and the other on Cracow. . . . That was the plan placed before our military mission by Voroshilov. The tragic story of the rejection of this plan has yet to be told and the responsibility for the stupidities that lost us Russia's powerful support justly affixed and sternly dealt with."

The hammerblows of the Nazi *luftwaffe* have knocked these words of Lloyd George into the heads of many Englishmen. The men of Munich know this, and Hess in his Messerschmitt knew it, too. The unrest in England, the rising cry for a People's Government and for solid, honest, friendly relations with Soviet Russia, is as dangerous to the Nazis as it is to the men of Munich who sit around the polished table at No. 10 Downing Street. Britain's rich Tories have always hated and feared Soviet Russia. Fear and hatred of Soviet Russia was the common ground on which Hitler and Chamberlain stood and shook hands at Munich in 1938.

While Hess was flying to talk things over with his friends in Britain, Hitler himself was taking steps to reassure his friends in the United States. High up amid the snow-capped Alps, in the Great Hall of Hitler's Berghof hideaway, the Fuehrer was quietly unfolding the details of his peace plan to former American Ambassador to Belgium John Cudahy. Cudahy is an appeaser. He thinks, and tells the world, that the Nazi devil is not so bad as it's painted. "Germany did not begin this war," Hitler said, while the former Ambassador to Belgium jotted it all down neatly in his little copybook. "We shall settle relations with our neighbors so that all will enjoy peace and prosperity," Hitler told Cudahy. Why carry on a war that may end in making Europe a hotbed of revolution?

Overcome by the "reasonableness" of the arguments and the splendor of his surroundings, Cudahy noted, "There were calla lilies and carnations on the table, and hydrangeas in a bowl. A clock struck noisily during our conversation. . ."

The calla lilies, the snowy Alps, Hitler, "peace"—they were all wonderful!

Yes, we feel sure Hess was feeling pretty good as he sailed through the air for Scotland.

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT THE U.S. STEPS OUT ON THE STAGE OF WORLD EMPIRE—PERHAPS TOO LATE, FOR EMPIRES ARE CRACKING EVERYWHERE.

Hess knew who would welcome him on his landing. Some ten miles from Glasgow there would be a hot supper spread for him in the oaken dining hall of Dungavel Castle, seat of the Duke of Hamilton. Possessor of a $300,000 yearly income, a 157,000-acre estate, Hamilton was one of the founders of the notorious Anglo-German Fellowship, the group of high Nazi and British officials who wanted a Nazi-British alliance to control the world. Sir Samuel Hoare, now British Ambassador in Spain, Lord Halifax, now British Ambassador in America, Lord Beaverbrook, now Britain's Minister of State, Sir Neville Henderson, Britain's last Ambassador in Germany and Hess's good friend—they were all tied up with this Anglo-German Fellowship. They might all welcome Rudolph Hess as a "thorough gentleman" on his arrival in Scotland.

But what would President Roosevelt say? Well, what could Mr. Roosevelt say? Mr. Roosevelt, at the start of the war, had virtually handed the British men of Munich a blank check to draw on American cash, American arms, American ships, American labor. Mr. Roosevelt had handed the same blank check over to the French politicians at the start of the war—and the men of Vichy had endorsed it over to Hitler. The "British gentlemen" waiting to welcome Herr Hess knew they were sitting pretty. They were ready to do business—the Munich kind of business, at somebody else's expense. Their bargaining power lay in Roosevelt's all-out aid, the lever they need, not to defeat Hitler, but to haggle with him over a hypocrite's peace.

Political higher-ups in Washington know well enough what's in the air. As Senator Tom Connally, White House spokesman, was to tell Washington reporters a week after Hess landed: "Sure, there are peace talks going on. Rudolph Hess has something to do with it. After all it is their war. As far as we are concerned, so long as England keeps her independence and her navy, that is all we ask. We can't say just how they are going to draw the lines in Europe."

At 10:30 p.m. on the night of Saturday, May 10, 1941, the Messerschmitt plummeted earthward over Lanarkshire, Scotland, and buried its nose in a field near Dungavel Castle. The British government hushed up the whole story of Hess's flight for two days, but it finally got out. A farmer employed on the Duke of Hamilton's estate saw the flare of the fallen plane, and then the white plume of a descending parachute. Armed with a pitchfork, he ran out to find Rudolph Hess lying on the ground with a broken ankle. Hess said in perfect English: "Take me to the Duke of Hamilton. I have come to save humanity!"

EVERYBODY'S NUTS AT STEEPLECHASE

by FRANK S. TILYOU

Of the Famous Tilyou Family, Owners of Steeplechase

as told to DAN DAVIS

FIFTY years ago, when bottles of beach sand and sea water were sold for souvenirs at Coney Island, our family opened Steeplechase Park. People entering went whacky. They still do today. We once brought a psychologist down to tell us why. He made the rounds of all the rides and when we asked him what he thought he said, "Who cares?", and headed back to the roller coaster. Fun usually comes in such small quantities for the average person that when people run into a whole park full of it they've simply got to let their hair down—way down. And no one fears being called daft because in Steeplechase every one else is.

ON A MAJESTIC CHANTICLEER, boy and girl glide over the endless trail of the merry-go-round. The wily rooster never changes pace or loses the way. He knows his ups and downs through the clouds to a far-away land and the boy holds his fairy princess very tightly around he waist.

SHOOTING AROUND CLOSE TO THE GROUND at a sharp angle on the *Silver Streak* you get the sensation of going faster than a plane. And there's no cop to hand you a ticket for one-armed driving.

INTO THE DARK TUNNEL OF LOVE SAIL MANY COUPLES. CURIOUSLY ENOUGH THERE IS A STRANGE CORRELATION BETWEEN THIS RIDE'S POPULARITY AND THE PHASES OF THE MOON.

THE TRICK IN THE REVOLVING BARREL IS TO GUIDE THE GIRL FRIEND THROUGH—UPRIGHT

BUT THE HIGHLY POLISHED WALL BRINGS ON MANY A FLOP—WHICH IS ALL THE MORE FUN .

UNLESS DICK JOHNSON OF THE U.S.N. COMES ALONG ON STURDY SEA LEGS TO THE RESCUE .

AND LEAVES YOU SLIDING AROUND IN THE BARREL AS HE WALKS OFF WITH YOUR GIRL.

THE ROLLER COASTER IS USUALLY the first ride young patrons take to toss off inhibitions. Reformists once labeled Coney Island *Sodom,* partly because of the coaster. But it remains the most popular device on the Island. People like it because it permits a sensation of dropping into space with the assurance that the next rise will bring them on to firm ground again. Often, though, it also leaves riders with a squeamish feeling that sticks for a while in the pit of the stomach.

ELECTRIC RODS, AIR VENTS SEND FOLKS SCURRYING ON THE STAGE OR "ASYLUM".

THEN THEY SIT IN THE AUDIENCE AND HOWL AT OTHERS "GETTING THE WORKS".

RUINATION INCORPORATED
—strip mining

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF ONCE RICH FARM LANDS in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio look today as if they'd been laid waste by war. Underneath this soil lies coal, and to get at it, operators have turned the land into a desert. Huge electric shovels sink their teeth into the countryside and remove everything lying above the coal. They start on a slope where coal lies near the surface, and work back and forth until the "overburden" is too thick for profitable operation. That's all there is to strip-mining. Except that it leaves the land with huge, ugly, desolate spoil-banks winding about the hills, serpentine fashion. The spoil is as dead as October leaves and so is every living thing that ever grew on it. People living in the towns throughout the strip-mine areas watch the monster shovel with growing concern. Some say, "when the coal's gone, everything's gone." Others say, "the land would have been ruined anyway." Strip-mining couldn't advance an inch if farmers didn't sell their land, but the coal companies pay high prices, sometimes as high as $600 an acre. "Well," say most people, "I can understand the farmer who sells. Some day I might have to do it myself." Strip-mining strips more than coal out of a town. It strips the beauty of the landscape. It strips the traditional character. And eventually, it strips the life.

MANY OF THE SMALLER SHOVELS that follow the giant shovels and load the coal into trucks are manned by part-time farmers—men from Adena, Bloomfield, Germano and Cadiz, the very towns in Eastern Ohio being encircled by spoil.

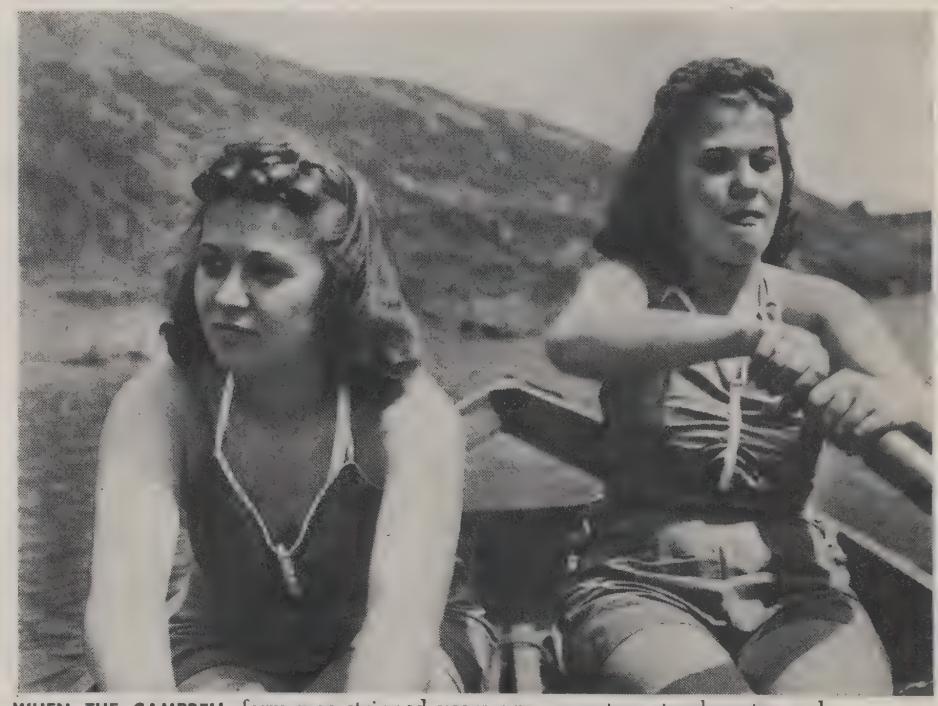
"WE FIGURE IT'S A MAN'S OWN BUSINESS what he does with his farm," people said over and over again. "When he gets an offer he don't tell his neighbors. He kind of feels he's the only one who has to decide a question like that."

"Timber's Gone, Land's Gone, and the People Are Going"

M. V. GAULT HAS LIVED IN GERMANO most of his life. He was sitting in the village barbershop waiting for a shave. He's pretty sharp. "Well, we can be pretty sure this will be an article attacking stripping," he said immediately.

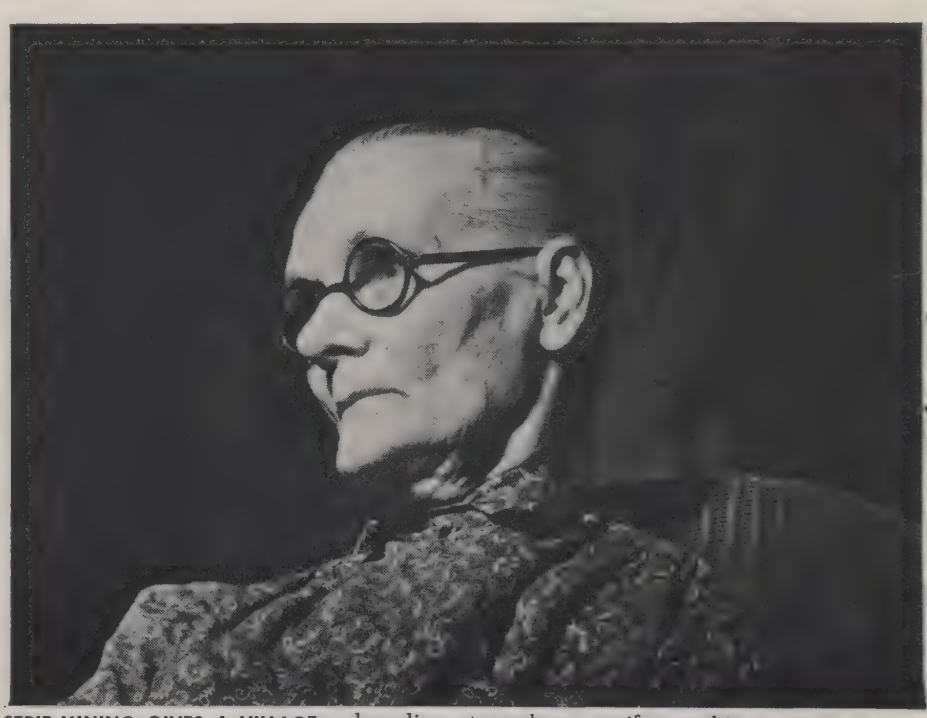
WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT STRIP-MINING to B. C. Scott, who runs a general store in Germano, he shakes his head gloomily. "The land's gone, the timber's gone and the people are going. I knew it. I knew that shovel meant ruin."

USUALLY THE ONLY ASSETS SALVAGED after a stripping operation are the lakes, which sometimes form in the cuts and are stocked with fish. But there is tragedy connected with the deep lakes, too. Children have been drowned while swimming in them.



WHEN THE CAMPBELL farm was stripped years ago, operators struck water and abandoned the task. A beautiful lake formed where the Campbells boat, fish and swim. Outsiders pay 50 cents a day for the privilege of using it.

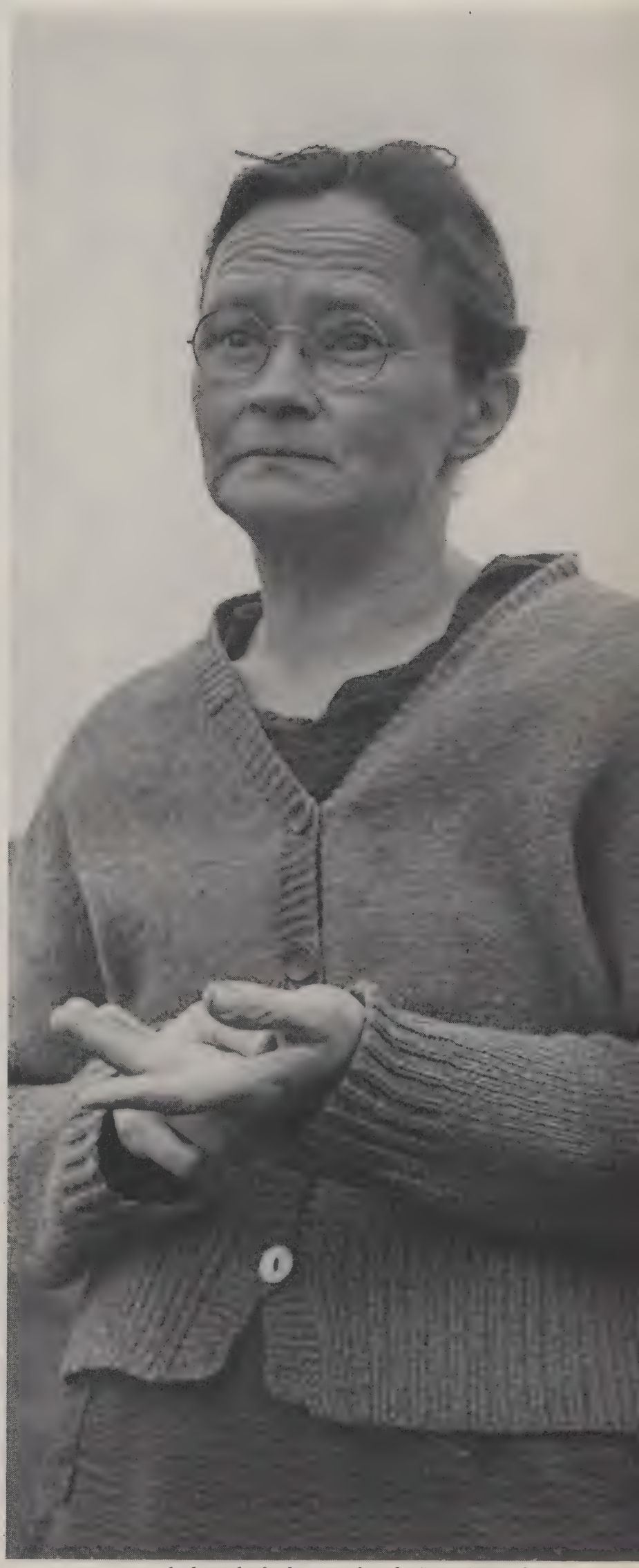
BUT THE LAKES DON'T MAKE UP for wasted soil. Farmers from the area decided there has been enough talk and too little action. They set up a committee to study the problem. Charles Kirk, chairman, said, "It makes us feel bad to see what's going on."



STRIP-MINING GIVES A VILLAGE a brooding atmosphere, as if something were about to happen. People look worried. The incessant clawing of the shovel is accompanied by a groaning noise, like a warning threat to the earth.

BUT A TOWN DOESN'T CHANGE OVERNIGHT. While it's changing, people keep on living, people keep on farming. C. S. Lowmiller's farm is owned by an estate. He thinks it'll be sold for stripping. "How do I feel about it? Bad, but I'll just have to find another place."

MILTON RONSHEIM, EDITOR of the *Cadiz Republican*, demands action against stripping. Cadiz is the town where Clark Gable grew up, and that's one of the things that make it such a proud town. Ronsheim fears it will become a ghost town after the coal is gone.



"IT'S LIKE WAR," Mrs. Charles Kirk of Adena says bitterly. "Our children learn improved agricultural methods in college and see adults practice destruction. It's like teaching youth how to live and then graduating them into a war."

THE KEEPER OF THE KIDS TRIES A FEW HAND TRICKS TO AMUSE A YOUNG CHICK WHILE ITS MOTHER IS GONE.

FRIDAY

Baby PARKING LOT

WALTER CLITHEROW operates a free baby carriage parking space for busy mothers from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., six days a week, on a crowded corner in New York City. Conducting the only Baby Minding Institute of its kind, the cheerful caretaker tends more than 400 youngsters daily while the mothers are out shopping. He has never lost a baby yet. Cherubs are checked in and out like so much baggage. Average parking time is one hour. Clitherow has found that a milk bottle and lots of love works wonders with most of his daily consignment of cry babies.

CLITHEROW LINES HIS PRAMS ALONG THE STREET CURB.

MOTHER CHECKS IN. LATER SHE RETURNS STUB FOR BABY.

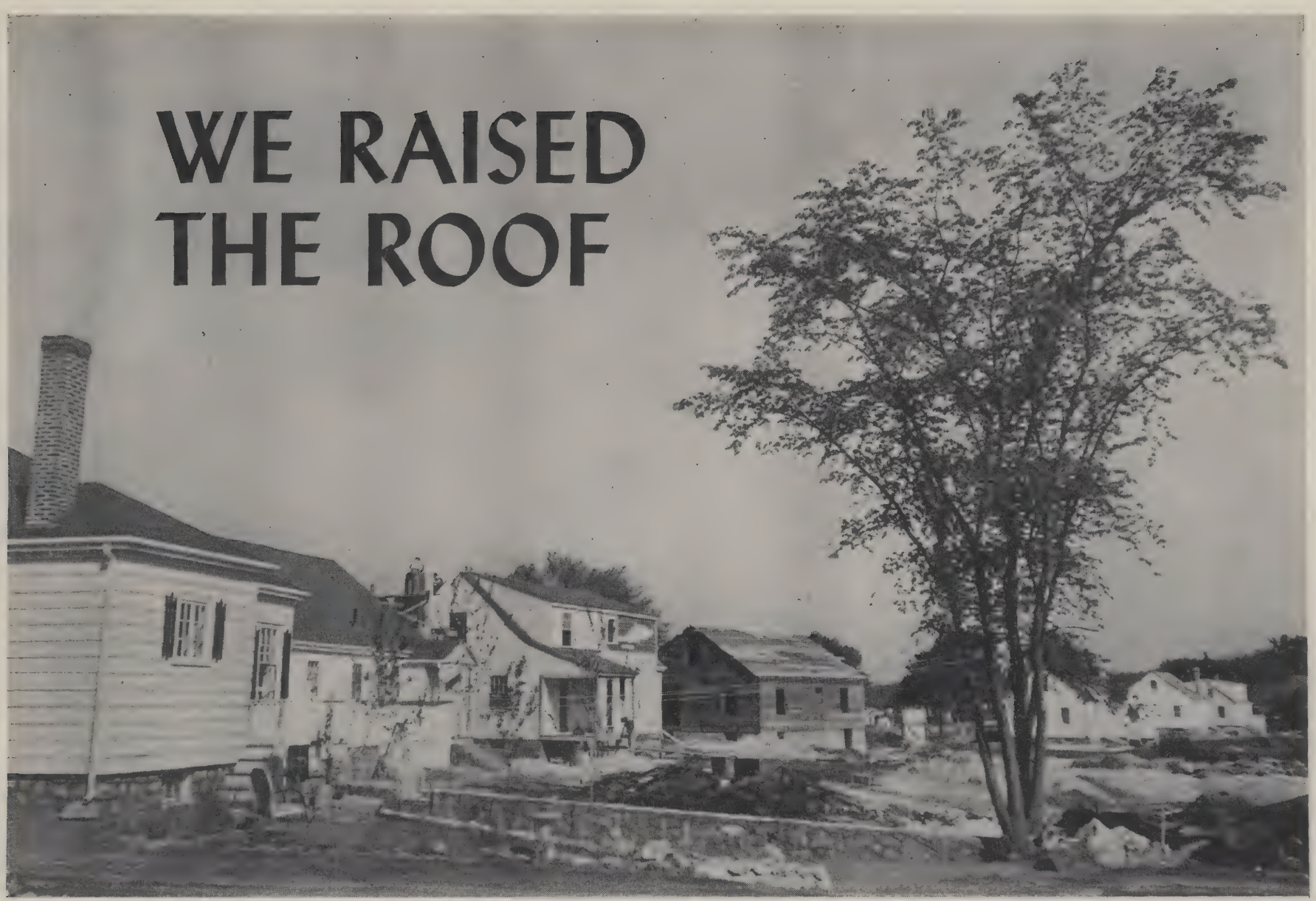
CLITHEROW ROCK-A-BYES BABY ON THE STREET CORNER.

WHY IS MY MOM SO SLOW? I WANNA GO HOME.

A PARKING LOT SPECIAL IS A PIECE OF HARD PRETZEL.

SISTER BELIEVES IN SHARING HER PRAM AND PRETZEL.

JUNIOR RETURNS A KISS. MAKING LOVE AT HIS AGE!



MEMBERS OF THE INDEPENDENT TEXTILE UNION IN WOONSOCKET, R. I., ARE MOVING FROM COLD-WATER FLATS INTO THESE DREAM HOUSES BUILT BY AND FOR THEMSELVES.

Tired of Living in Slums, Woonsocket's Union Spinners Up and Built Their Own Homes . . .

"I DREAMED of it for a long time. I dreamed about decent housing for the people here in Woonsocket all the time I was in the mill."

Wiry Joe Schmetz, president of the Independent Textile Union, leaned back in a big armchair in the sun-bathed dream house his union helped him build. He recalled the long uphill fight to build the union, the bitter days of the 1934 strike, the mass funeral for the two union martyrs, the great 1937 victory.

"When the town was 100 per cent organized," Schmetz went on, "we could think of other things. Housing was our biggest problem. In 25 per cent of our houses there are the most flagrant violations —no toilet facilities, no heating, no hot water. Only last December one of these firetraps went up in flames and a baby was burned to death."

The union, he explained, had asked the city fathers for a housing project, and the city finally agreed to a million and a quarter undertaking. The Mayor appointed a commission. The commission fought endlessly about where the project should be located. The people shouted "WE DON'T CARE WHERE IT IS LOCATED—BUT LOCATE IT." The people became convinced that the landlords of Woonsocket, seeing their high-rent profits threatened, were very much interested in delaying the project.

"Last Summer," Schmetz continued, "we began to talk about our dreams again, and thought out a little plan. We pooled our money and saved a third on the first step—the purchase of the land.

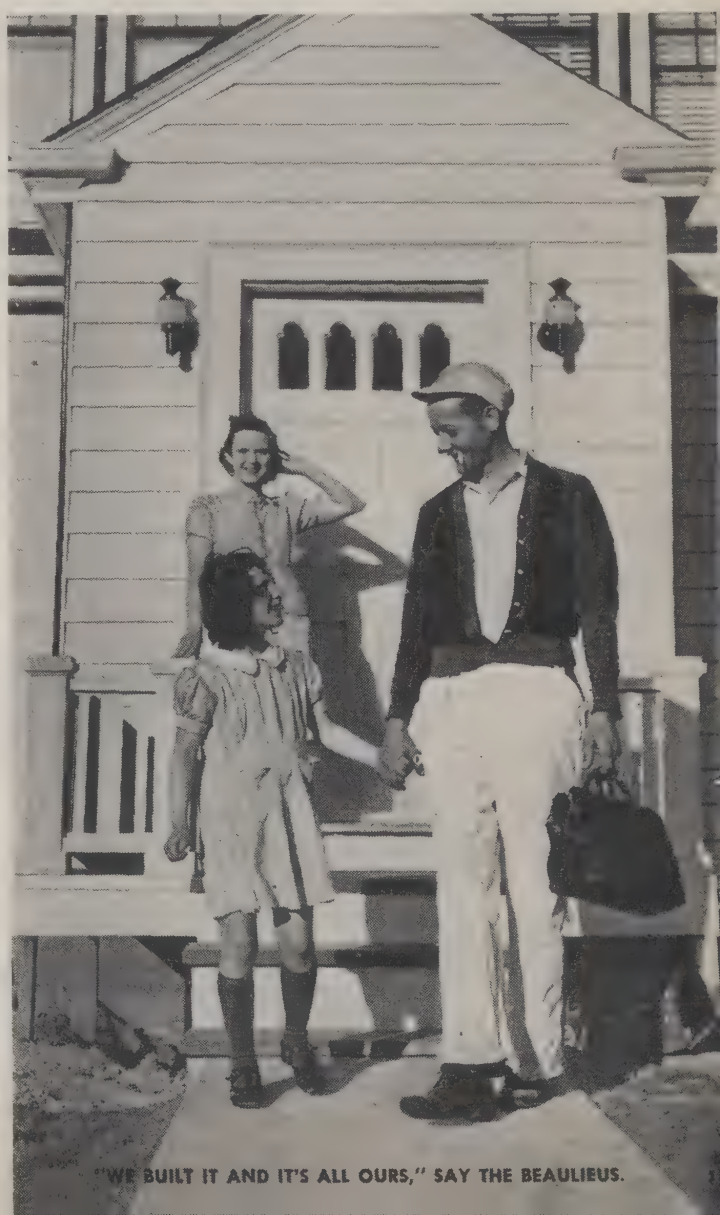
"The people in the town were skeptical. They said it couldn't be done. We were frightened, too. It was very big. But we took our shirts off and got to work.

"Every time one roof went up, we held a picnic on the grounds. Our ground. It was beautiful, it was a dream. Our women would dance with joy. We seemed millions of miles away from our slum houses and the machines in the mill.

"Stories got around that we were building 'company style shacks,' and when people saw these beautiful modern houses going up—they couldn't believe their eyes. BUT WE DID IT.

"Our first plot comprised only 24 houses, each house no less than 9000 square feet. In the next year our objective is 100 additional homes. This only goes to show you what can be done. Believe me, if they got that Federal Housing Project up, it would mean something. Our project proves it.

"Our women, their hearts are happy. Sometimes, we talk about payments, because we have to meet all our payments on time (and it's no more than the rent we paid in our slums) and the women laugh. 'We'll meet our payment all right, no matter what,' they say. 'These are our homes, we own them, and they always shall belong to us, no matter what else may happen.' And believe me, our women folks mean it."



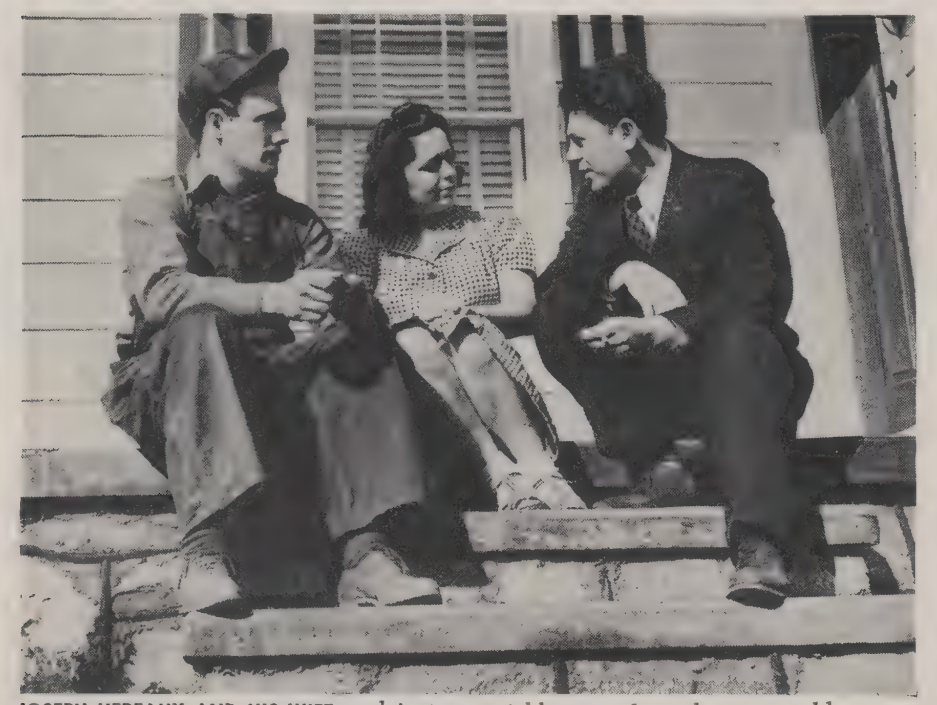
"WE BUILT IT AND IT'S ALL OURS," SAY THE BEAULIEUS.

"The Townsfolk Were Skeptical.

MOST OF WOONSOCKET'S 10,000 textile workers have lived for generations in dilapidated soft-wood firetraps, simply because the town offers nothing between a dingy $20 cold-water flat and a $10,000 home. Fed up with tenements, they worked out plans for building themselves homes fit to live in.

SLUM LIFE IS HARDEST ON THE KIDS. Since all the grown-ups are forced to work to make a go of it, the kids are left to themselves. Skinny and unkempt, they play without zest, in a peculiar, listless way.

AS DOWN PAYMENT ON EACH LOT was completed, digging would begin. Excavation raised the value of the lot, and banks then made loans, with which materials were bought and building started.



JOSEPH HEREAUX AND HIS WIFE explain to a neighbor just how they were able to get their house up in four weeks. He, with friends, did the heavy labor, the plumbing, carpentry, painting; while she applied the touch that turns a house into a home.

IT'S A HOUSEHOLD OF FOUR—two generations of textile workers. Because of the success of the union-led housing project, Hereaux' parents, after a lifetime in the mill, can enjoy comfort and quiet in their old age.

They Said it Couldn't Be Done. We Were Frightened Too. BUT WE DID IT."

THE HOUSES, COSTING $3200 TO $4000, are valued at $4300 to $5000. Carrying charges are $24 to $30 per month, no more than slum rentals. Houses are oil-heated. Group buying keeps fuel costs to $75 a year.

"IF DAD CAN BUILD, I CAN TOO," says four-year-old Roland Richard, so dad shows Roland how to mix a batch of cement. Roland's little sister is plainly not satisfied to sit back. She wants a job too.

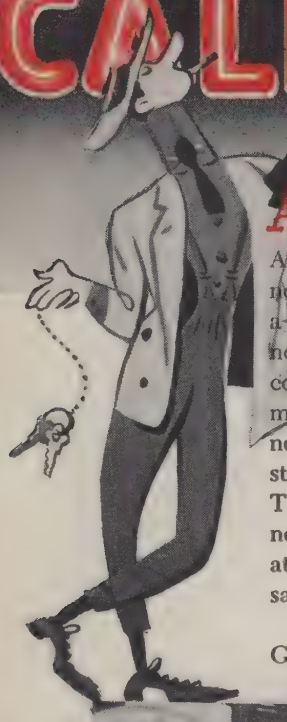
THESE KIDS HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE. They've got room to play, plenty of things they want to do. There's a clean, fresh lake to swim in, and by next year there will be a beach. Thousands of youngsters eagerly await a chance to get out of the slums into the sunlight.

UNION LEADERS LIKE TO VISIT HEREAUX, who is a real union hustler. President Joe Schmetz and Secretary Larry Spitz might be talking about dues collections or inlaid floors with their fellow unionists and home makers.

"WE DON'T MIND THE MILL ANY MORE, now that we've got our home." The garden, Mrs. Hereaux' garden, is in full bloom. The chicken coop is finished. The house is in order. The Hereaux and their friends are building up their stake in the future.

THEY

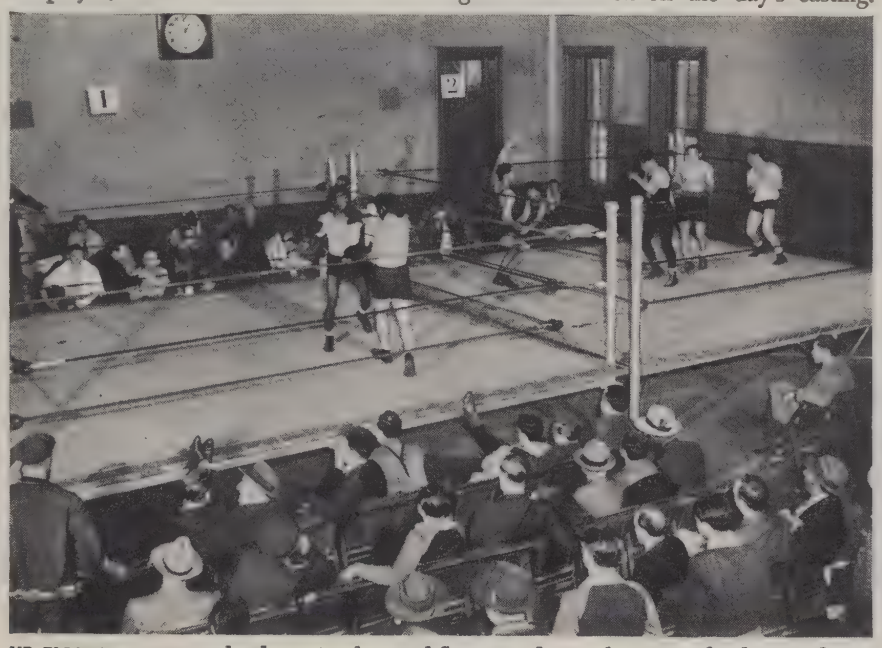
CALL BROADWAY HOME



A HUNDRED years ago Broadway was a spur extending for three miles from the Battery to the junction of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. On a nice Saturday afternoon a 19th century sharpie could go out and shoot himself a brace of turkeys. Today the boys on Broadway shoot nothing more edible than dice, and turkey is something that comes between two slices of rye bread at Lindy's. The three-mile paddock is a long time gone. When you say Broadway now to a New Yorker or an out-of-towner, what he understands by it is that congested, overbuilt slot running from Times Square to Columbus Circle. At one end the teletype news dispatches race around the hips of the Times Building; at the other, the weather-damaged statue of Columbus looks sadly down on the carnival of cigarette and chewing-gum ads.

There are dozens of aliases for the Big Slot—Orange Juice Gulch, Mazda Alley, The Main Stem, Shubert's Corners, The Street of Broken Dreams. Those who vanish through its revolving doors come away with too many mazda bulbs shining in their eyes. But those who have to make their living from it know it as occasionally generous, sometimes bountiful, and always tough. The sidewalk cynics say, "There's a broken light for every heart on Broadway." They know it as the street where the floperoos out-number the four-star socks. The street where only "smash-hit economics" work, where the obscure lives of small-time night club baritones are spent in flea-bag rooming houses only a few doors from a magnificent hotel catering to Hollywood stars; where an envious soda-jerker serves a big-shot gambler; where a hoofer looks at the marquees that will never feature his name. The only publicity these hardworking, talented little people get is the program note that says "& Company." But they are part of Broadway, the real Broadway.

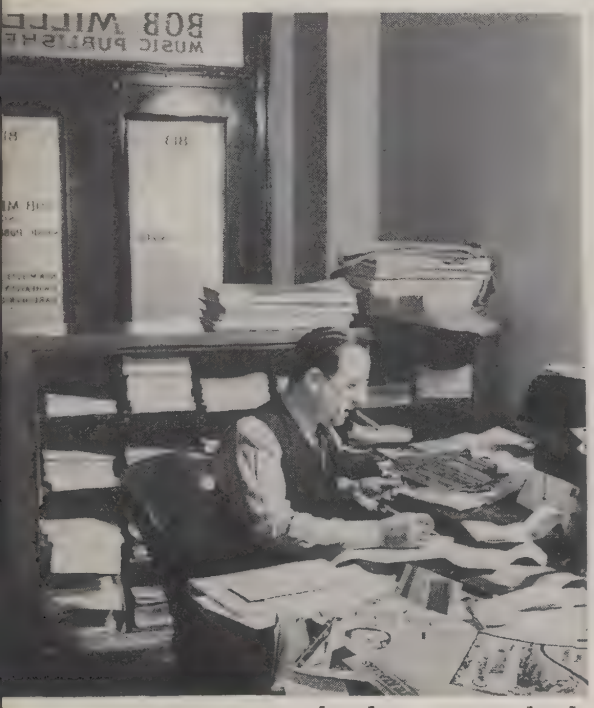
THERE ARE 5000 ACTORS on Broadway for 500 jobs, and on a sunny afternoon the 4500 who aren't working pick a sidewalk to social-life on. Pretty Gloria Pierre, 24, a bit player, meets her friends outside Walgreen's to check on the day's casting.



UP EIGHTH AVENUE, the boys in the cauliflower industry hammer the bag and spar in the noisy interior of Stillman's famous gym. Brass-voiced Lou Stillman, who runs it, claims his gym is the best in the country. On a good day, when a top-flight battler's training, Stillman's packs in a thousand spectators, gamblers, and fight fans.

AMARILLA MORRIS is part Cherokee Indian, and one of the bright spots of the bawdy musical, *Pal Joey*. Amarilla's daddy is a wheat farmer back in Texas. Equipped with what *Friday's* shot of her indicates, Amarilla has hit the big time. She dances for George Abbott for $60 a week and goes to all the rodeos.

"JOEY" BREAKS AT 11:15, and Amarilla hurries to her dressing room with Sondra Barrett. The *Joey* chorus boasts some of the most talented of the younger chorines in town. Upstairs in the big dressing room the girls streak through their nightly kleenex and cold cream routine. 11:30 finds them down at a time-stained actors' rendezvous, Ralph's Steak & Chop House on Forty-Fifth Street, a famous Broadway spot.



TIN PAN ALLEY has become streamlined since the days of Alexander's Ragtime Band, but its people and its pursuits remain unchanged. Up in the soundproofed corridors of the Brill Building, Bob Miller turns out reams of mournful hillbilly, Swanee and cowboy ballads. Meanwhile blonde Marcella Hendricks auditions a little number called *I Can't Change My Heart* for music publisher Chappell. And outside the Strand Building the sax-players and the hot horn-blowers congregate.

BURLESQUE, TOO, HAS CHANGED since the days of Sliding Billy Watson. This is the epoch of the strip-queen, the goddess of the G-string. Redheaded Betty Rowland does four four-minute strips a day at the Gayety Theatre. During show-breaks, the company loafs in the alley behind the theatre or gets cokes in the shop next door.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—THE GAMS OF THOSE 36 RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ROCKETTES—DANCE ON THE ROOF AGAINST A BILLION DOLLAR REAL ESTATE BACKDROP.

EDITORIAL

THE MEN IN THE SNOW

THESE men, these naked men in the snow, are dead. They are Rumanians. Death came to them in the Forest of Jilava near Bucharest, because they were Jews, because they were scapegoats for the crimes of other men. They did no wrong. But there they are. There is a dead man in the snow, stripped by the makers of the pogrom. There is a man, close up, a man who lived once, whose first wailing cry filled a woman's breast with milk, whose soft word filled another's with desire, and whose last painful cry in the Forest of Jilava was pain in the breast of both.

Yes, there are the men in the snow, and the Caesars, Little and Big, look down from their guarded ramparts and sneer. "Dead men tell no tales," the tyrants say, and even as they say it they tremble.

For dead men can and do tell us things. Sometimes they tell us what no living man can tell, because dead men can tell no lies, the Truth is their only language.

Sometimes that Truth is very hard to face, and for those who will not face it, eventually it faces them, and then it is even harder. Perhaps it shocks you that *Friday* would publish pictures like these. Well, friend, I have to publish them. Even though I can hardly bear to look at these smuggled pictures, I must publish them, because I must face the Truth as these men faced it in the snow of the Forest of Jilava. I must publish pictures of these men in the snow, because they have a story to tell, and it must be told.

Every man, living or dead, has a story to tell. And if he tells it truthfully, it will be neither all glad nor all sad. If he tells it truthfully there will be hope in it, because in each story there is great hope, and in each Truth there is a candle to light the way ahead.

Every man has the same story to tell: the story of the men in the snow. Every man's story is the story of the Winter Soldier, the story of Abraham Lincoln, the story of Louis Pasteur, and the story of Joe Smith, whom you never heard of, because he didn't get in the papers or the books. They are all sad stories, yes, Winter Soldier stories. In them there is red blood on the cold, cold snow of winter. But there is hope in them too, because every one of them knew that Winter is not the only season, that in the cold ground of Winter lie the seeds of Spring.

This is what these dead men tell us. They are the seeds waiting for the wet torrent of understanding to give them new life. This is what they tell us in the Winter snow, and the message is an old one, and a true one, and we must listen to it, for to us, too, Winter comes before Spring.

For me, friends, readers, Winter is here. At this moment *Friday* has more readers, more friends, than it ever had before. In the last two months *Friday* has doubled the number of friends it had before, until now 300,000 people buy it, and give it to over a million friends. But any magazine takes money, thousands upon thousands of dollars of it, to carry it through its Winter to its Spring. Spring is not here for *Friday,* not yet, but the seed, the idea of *Friday* will outlive the coldest Winter.

Sure, I could get more money for *Friday*. I could get down on my knees and crawl to the nearest liar and get it—on his personal finance terms. But I won't do it. I can't forget the men in the snow; I can't betray the Winter Soldiers. I can't forget them, because though their story is sad and painful, there is hope in it, Truth in it. There is Winter in it, but there is the promise of Spring. And I am not merely hoping for Spring either. I am out fighting for it, because as long as one man lies in the snow, as long as men are driven to kill other men in useless wars for Empire, fighting for Spring is the only way to get it.

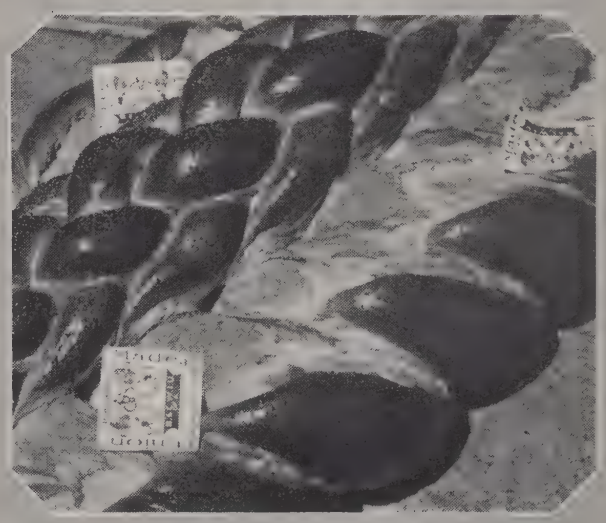
Dan Gilmore

Give us this day...

. . . Our Daily Bread — Chicago Church Honors Bakers in Annual Service

"WE believe in toil . . . in the duty of all to bring forth the fruits of useful living, and in the rights of each to the just rewards of his industry," said Dr. Von Ogden Vogt at the Chicago First Unitarian Church's annual service to honor men's skills. This year the church honored bakers. On the altar lay a five-foot loaf, symbol of bakers' contribution to society, presented to the church by the Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union of America, A.F.L. Union leaders, workers and congregation members crowded the church, which is decorated with emblems of various trades.

THE CHURCH, WHICH ALSO HOUSES A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND QUAKER MEETING, CELEBRATES VOCATION DAY.



LATER THE BREAD IS GIVEN TO A SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

THE LIBERAL REVEREND encourages his congregation to participate in the civic life of the community.

UNION LEADERS PRESENT the bread and Secretary Joseph Schmidt describes their trade union gains.

RICHARD BELKE GETS A BOOST in order to obtain a better view of the bread on the mosaic altar.

ADVERSITY UNITES THE IRISH. MORE THAN 70,000 REFUGEES FROM ULSTER AND BRITAIN HAVE BEEN TAKEN INTO THE HOMES OF EIRE'S PEOPLE WITHOUT REGARD TO CREED.

DEFENSELESS AND HUNGRY IS MY IRELAND

By Brían MacEoín

BOMBERS of an unknown power "carried out a mission" over Ireland last month, which brought unexpected results. As the planes hurled death and destruction over wide areas of the defenseless island, Irishmen who had been enemies for generations became friends under the hail of fire. Southerners and Ulstermen joined to save lives. Dublin sent its fire engines on a hundred-mile dash across the once barricaded frontier to aid bomb-ravaged Belfast. Grateful Ulster entrusted its children to Eire. When the children of Ulster met the children of Eire, they found that they were just like themselves. Except that the children of Eire were hungrier. Why? Why is Eire starving? She is starving under a British blockade. The six Northern counties of Ulster, under British rule, are sustained by the bare war rations that come from Britain. The food that keeps Britain alive reaches her through the generous help and cooperation of America. Yet the Irish, who simply want to live, as they have a right to live, are choked off from the vital necessities of life by the steel ring of the British Navy and the unwillingness of the United States to ship food to Eire through the British blockade. Is this in the Christian spirit? The liberty-loving Irish have always looked hopefully to America. Can they no longer look to the Land of Liberty?

. . . continued on next page

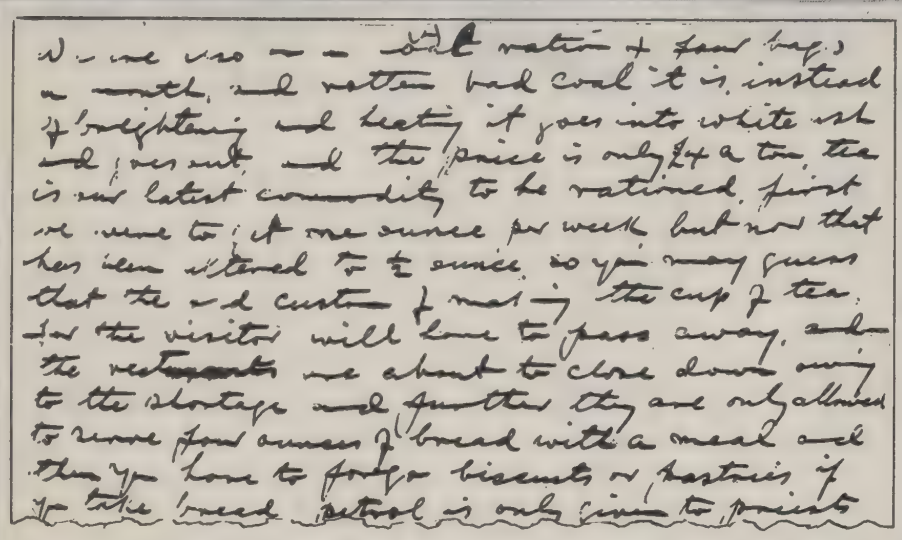
DEFENSELESS AND HUNGRY

. . . continued

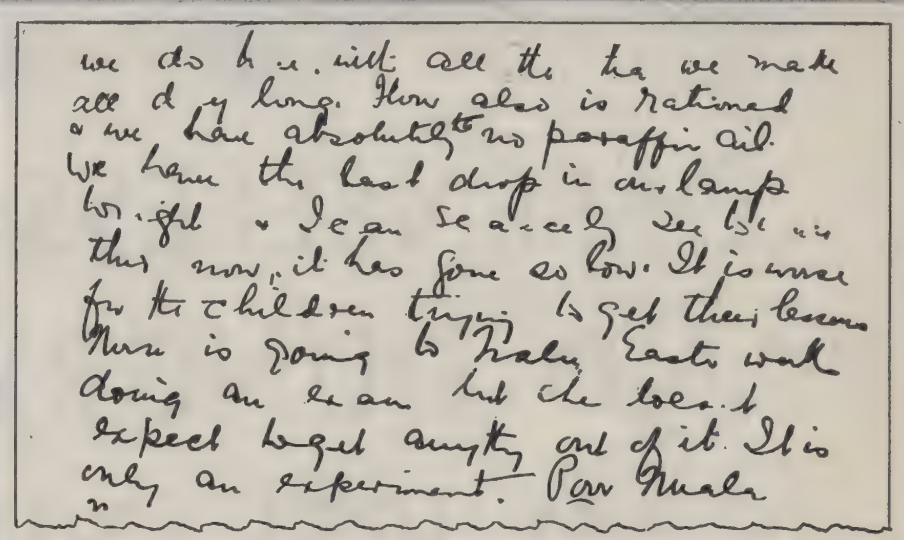
IN DECEMBER OF 1922 the Free State Treaty was signed, making a free nation of Ireland. Immediately land was given to peasants, and the conditions of working people improved. Factories were built and Irish industry grew apace with raw materials from the United States to feed its mills. Then Churchill's blockade began as World War II got under way; and one by one the factories shut down for lack of goods, and food and oil were scarce. Prices rose to heights unknown for a generation. Once again old women tread rocky roads on shoeless feet. "There is no blockade of Ireland," the British say. "It's just that we need all the ships ourselves."

SO THE BREAD IS BLACK in Ireland now, and mule and pony haul goods to the market. Transport—there is no transport! How can there be when trucks stand idle for lack of gasoline? It is the food situation, however, which is serious. Men go down to the sea in little home-made boats to fish so that their people might eat, and many fail to return from the short offshore voyages made in rough waters where British mines bob about under the surface. And tea—lack of tea is a tragedy. The people are down to half an ounce a week, a ration which puts an end to the social life of the poor and deprives the aged and sick of comfort.

These Letters from Ireland Tell of Famine's Approach



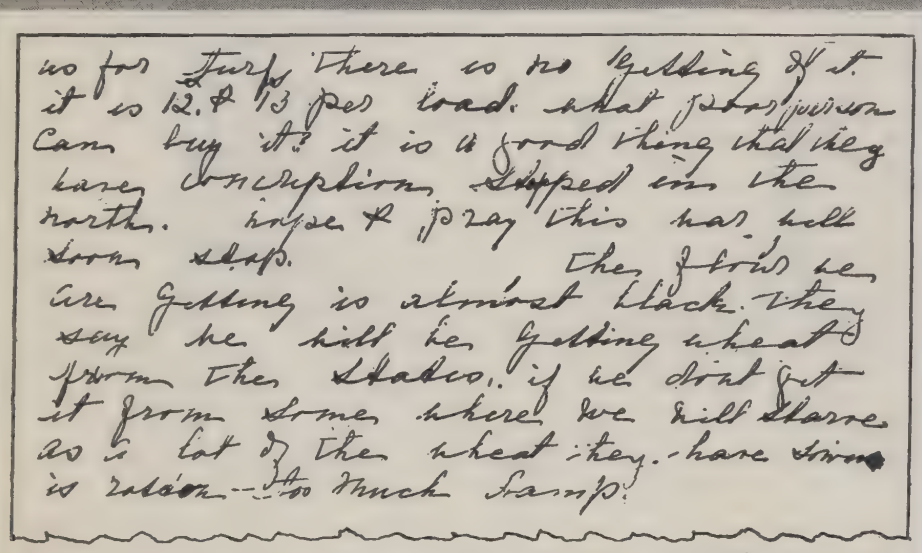
". . . We are also on a coal ration of four bags a month and rotten bad coal it is. Instead of brightening and heating it goes into a white ash and goes out, and the price is only four (pounds) a ton. Tea is our latest commodity to be rationed. First we were to get one ounce per week, but now that has been altered to one-half ounce, so you may guess that the old custom of making the cup of tea for the visitor will have to pass away, and . . ." *This letter was sent by J. J. Jackson of Dublin to Miss Beatrice Ahearne of New York City.*



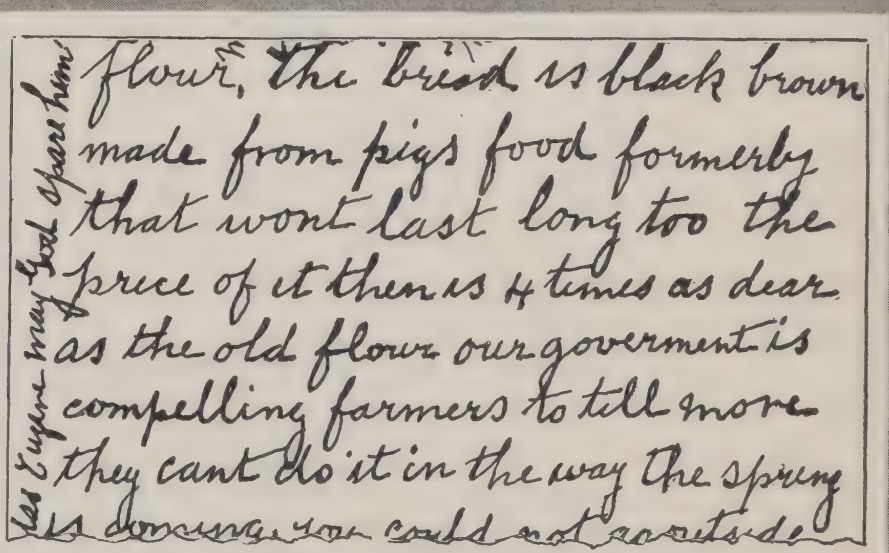
". . . all day long. Flour is also rationed and we have absolutely no paraffin oil (kerosene). We have the last drop in our lamp tonight and I can scarcely see to write this now, it has gone so low. It is worse for the children trying to get their lessons. . . ." *This letter arrived in the United States from Mrs. P. Travers, Cordal, Castle Island, County Kerry, early in May. It was sent to Mrs. Travers' sister, Cecilia Ryan of the Bronx. The letter added that tea is also rationed and that the spring weather has been particularly bad.*

IRELAND'S YOUTH IS READY to fight for Eire's independence. On July 4, 1940, Defense Minister Aiken placed his country on record in a radio speech addressed to the United States: "The people of this country have expressed themselves as being unanimously for peace and Eire will give a good account of herself if invaded. . . . It is well to know that 90,000 Irishmen volunteered for the army last week. Proportionately it is as if 1,350,000 Americans had joined their colors within seven days!" The Army of Eire is small (150,000 regulars, 150,000 in training), but well drilled in modern warfare. It lacks planes, tanks and guns but has plenty of courage.

EIRE HAS ASKED NO GIFTS from Washington. Like the ill-fated Spanish government of the Republic, it offers cash for wheat, tanks, guns and planes; and like Spain, has received nothing but fair words. President Roosevelt offered wheat to Ireland—but for the use of refugees only! The Irish people are expected to starve while the guests in their homes are fed. The offer was rejected. Washington offered a "deal"—"Give Britain ports and we'll feed you"—and again Eire refused. Now another "offer" is pending—food is offered for the use of Irish ports by the American Patrol Fleet. Washington has Eire on the spot. It's "yield or go hungry." Is that what the American people want? I doubt it!


as for turf there is no getting of it
it is 12. & 13 per load. what poor person
can buy it? it is a good thing that they
have conscription stopped in the
north. hope & pray this war will
soon stop.
the flour we
are getting is almost black. they
say we will be getting wheat
from the States. if we don't get
it from somewhere we will starve
as a lot of the wheat they have
is rotten—too much damp.

"... as for turf (peat) there is no getting of it. It is 12 and 13 (shillings) per load. What poor person can buy it? It is a good thing they have conscription stopped in the North. I hope and pray this war will soon stop. . . . The flour we are getting is almost black. They say we are getting wheat from the States. If we don't get it from somewhere we will starve, as a lot of the wheat they have is rotten—too much damp. . . ." *From Mrs. Michael Reidy of Kilrush, County Clare, to her son in Stamford, Conn.*


flour, the bread is black brown
made from pigs food formerly
that wont last long too the
price of it then is 4 times as dear
as the old flour our goverment is
compelling farmers to till more
they cant do it in the way the spring
is coming you could not go outside

"... flour, the bread is black-brown—made from pigs' food formerly (and) that won't last too long. The price of it is four times as dear as the old flour. Our government is compelling farmers to till more. They can't do it the way the spring is coming. You could not go outside. . . ." *This from Mrs. E. McCarthy, Ballydesmond, County Cork, to her son John, of Woodside, Queens. In her letter, Mrs. McCarthy goes on to say that the farmers cannot till more as* "you can't do extra work when you are hungry."

The Bigger They Are, The Harder They Fall

CLEVER ALLEN ZOLL GOT AROUND IN HIGH SOCIETY.

ALLEN ZOLL is an anti-Semite. He also has a reputation as a super-salesman. In 1939 there was a picket line—composed of members of the anti-Semitic Christian Front—in front of New York radio station WMCA. They protested WMCA's refusal to broadcast the Jew-baiting tirades of Father Coughlin. One day Allen Zoll approached Donald Flamm, head of WMCA, and offered to call the picket line off for $7500. Foxy Mr. Flamm made a "down payment" of $200 in marked money and called the cops. Zoll was arrested on a charge of extortion. He has been out on $5000 bail for two years as the case awaits trial. *Friday* came into possession of a file of Zoll's correspondence of 1936, which tells a startling story of how Zoll victimized a group of big business men in an organization Zoll founded, called *The International Association of Sales Executives, Inc.* Zoll invited business leaders to become members of the Board of Governors of his organization. Almost to a man they accepted, not thinking, in most cases, to check on Mr. Zoll. They were chagrined to discover that the organization held only one meeting and then disappeared into the mists. *Friday* informed the victimized men of Zoll's subsequent indictment and asked them to comment on their lamentable experiences with Zoll. Here are some of the replies.

STUDEBAKER PRESIDENT Paul G. Hoffman accepted a nomination as governor of the *Sales* group, saying he was "glad indeed."

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA

WHARTON SCHOOL OF
FINANCE AND COMMERCE

Mr. Allen Zoll
President, International Assn. of
Sales Executives, Inc.
Biltmore Hotel, New York

Dear Mr. Zoll:

I shall be very glad to accept your invitation to become one of the governors of the International Association of Sales Executives. I only hope that this organization will prove to be of such a nature as to develop leadership in the field of distribution. Most of the organizations lack this point of view. If in your policy you deliberately plan to maintain both an intensive and extensive point of view, I believe that your organization would accomplish definite work in our day and time.

Indeed I do remember meeting you in the past and hope to be able to renew acquaintanceship sometime in the future.

Yours sincerely,

Herbert W. Hess,
Professor of Marketing.

HWH/P

COLLEGE PROFESSOR Herbert W. Hess of the Wharton School, U. of P., waited till after he joined Zoll's outfit before checking it.

McCLURE NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE HEAD R. H. Waldo also accepted. He once coined the slogan *Truth* for an advertising club.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

THE FULLER BRUSH COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Mr. Allen Zoll, President
International Association of Sales Executives
Biltmore Hotel
New York City

Dear Mr. Zoll:

Replying to your letter of August 29, relative to my nomination as a governor of the International Association of Sales Executives, would say that under the circumstances outlined in your letter, I shall be glad to accept this appointment.

As you know, I am able to devote but a little time to outside organization work but will be as helpful as I can in matters pertaining to the work of the Association.

Sincerely yours,

Alfred G. Fuller

AGF:VIM

President

ALFRED G. FULLER, PRESIDENT of the company, joined Zoll's Board of Governors without knowing that Zoll's record wasn't very good with a previous *Sales Executive Club* he organized. Zoll was forced to resign as President when other members of the club discovered his activities. A short time later Zoll organized a new outfit, *League for the Preservation of the United States Constitution,* and continued his "club" work.

file

565 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Mr Allen Zoll
International Association of Sales Executives Inc
Biltmore Hotel
New York City

Dear Mr Zoll

Will you please be good enough to express to the Directors of the International Association of Sales Executives my appreciation of their courtesy in electing me to the Board of Governors. I sincerely hope that I may be of some service to the Association

Sincerely yours

Ward Melville

es

To

Friday, Inc.
114 East 32 street
New York City

From
MELVILLE SHOE CORPORATION
25 WEST 43 STREET
NEW YORK CITY

WE OMIT FROM BUSINESS LETTERS NEARLY FORMAL TERMS OF POLITENESS SUCH AS SALUTATION AND COMPLIMENTARY CLOSE

IN REPLY PLEASE REFER TO

5/21/41

In reply to your letter, I do not know that I made any special investigation of the International Association of Sales Executives, Inc, prior to accepting a nomination as one of the honorary governors for the United States, other than to ascertain that more than a score of presidents or vice presidents of leading American companies were already represented on this board. The only meeting of the association which I attended was a luncheon which took place on April 3, 1936, at the Hotel Biltmore, at which the speakers were Congressman Wright Patman, the late Edward A Filene and Mr Wheeler Sammons, Chicago publisher

Very truly yours

Ward Melville
President
MELVILLE SHOE CORPORATION

prd
mw

WARD MELVILLE, PRESIDENT of the Melville Shoe Corporation, didn't make any check. When a few over-cautious executives replied to Zoll's first invitation by asking something about the organization, Zoll replied by rattling off a long list of the other executives whom he claimed for his Board of Governors. That convinced them. Mr. Zoll also got acceptances from Lee Bristol of Bristol-Myers, soap manufacturers, and Frank Lovejoy of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company of New York.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, ACCOUNTS AND FINANCE
WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF MARKETING

Mr.Allen Zoll, President,
National Association of Sales Executives,
Biltmore Hotel,
New York City.

Dear Mr.Zoll:

Your letter of August 29 awaited me when I returned from my vacation.

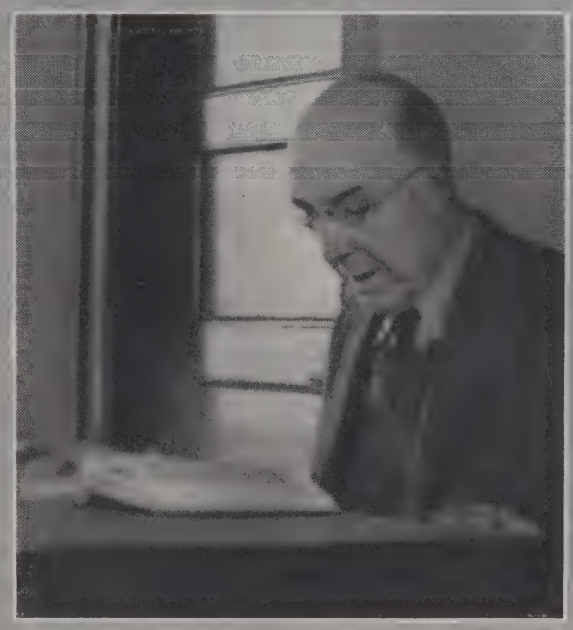
I shall be pleased to participate in any way that I can to forward the work of the International Association of Sales Executives, so if my name will be of any help as one of the Governors, you are at liberty to use it.

Sincerely yours,

Hugh E. Agnew

Chairman,
Department of Marketing.

Hugh E.Agnew.



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, ACCOUNTS, AND FINANCE
WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF MARKETING

May 29, 1941.

My acquaintance and relationship with Mr.Allen Zoll are brief and uneventful. He staged a dinner at which there were a considerable number of representative citizens who were the nucleus, as I understood it, of the International Association of Sales Executives, Incorporated. It was under the influence of this meeting that I consented to be one of the governors.

I never met with the Board of Governors. I never even heard of a meeting. A short acquaintance with Mr.Zoll and his association convinced me that I was not interested in further participation, and I dropped out.

If I can tell you anything more about it, I shall be glad to do so, but I really knew very little of the organization or of Mr.Zoll.

Very truly yours,

Chairman,
Department of Marketing.

Hugh E. Agnew

PROFESSORS WEREN'T ANY MORE CAUTIOUS than the business men. Hugh E. Agnew, Chairman of the Department of Marketing of the New York University School of Commerce and Finance, became one of the governors. And Harry R. Tosdal, Professor of Marketing in the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, took the governorship with appreciation for Zoll's "personal interest." He wrote to Zoll: "I assume I owe the nomination primarily to you."

GENERAL ELECTRIC
COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

CHARLES E. WILSON
VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Allen Zoll, President,
International Association of Sales Executives,
Biltmore Hotel,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Zoll:

Thank you for your letter of August 29, informing me that I have been nominated as one of the United States governors of the International Association of Sales Executives. I appreciate the honor, which I am happy to accept.

Yours very truly,

C E Wilson

CHARLES E. WILSON
570 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK

May 29, 1941

FRIDAY, INCORPORATED
114 East 32nd Street
New York, N. Y.

My dear Sir:

I regret that I cannot be of any great assistance to you by reason of a very wide knowledge of Mr. Allen Zoll or his activities, as suggested in your May 19th letter.

My recollection of the circumstances concerning the International Association of Sales Executives, Inc. is simply that Mr. Zoll contacted me, urging my attendance at the luncheon gatherings of this group, where I recall meeting a number of distinguished men in industry and commerce. Thereafter, he urged me on several occasions to address this group, but pressure of business at the time prevented my acceptance of these invitations. Somewhere about that time he asked me to serve as a director, but I cannot recall ever having received notices of meetings. In any event, I am certain I never attended any meeting of the directors of this Association.

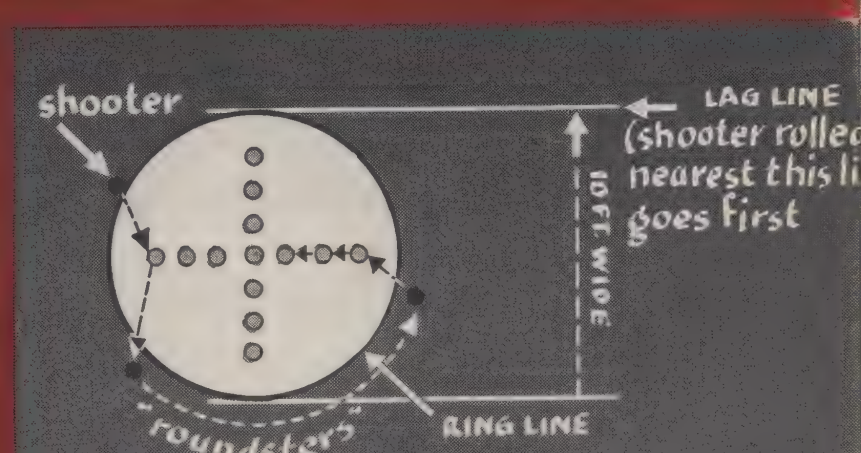
Very truly yours,

C E Wilson

TWO GENERAL ELECTRIC EXECUTIVES JOINED UP: Charles E. Wilson, then Vice President, and Chester H. Lang, Manager of the Publicity Department. Other "governors" were Allen B. McIntyre of Pepperell Sheets, who checked a little but not enough; C. D. Garretson, President of Electric Hose and Rubber; W. K. Page, Vice-President of Addressograph-Multigraph; A. L. McCarthy of Eureka Vacuum Cleaner. Another who joined was Horner F. Zeigler of Anheuser-Busch, brewers.

mibbs, Miggs And aggies-

MARBLES, OTHERWISE KNOWN as "mibs," "miggs," "commies," "aggies," "hoodles," "ducks," "glassies," "taws," and "moonies," is young America's No. 1 game of skill. City kids have their own sewer-lid version. Players put up two miggs apiece in the center circle and the game begins.

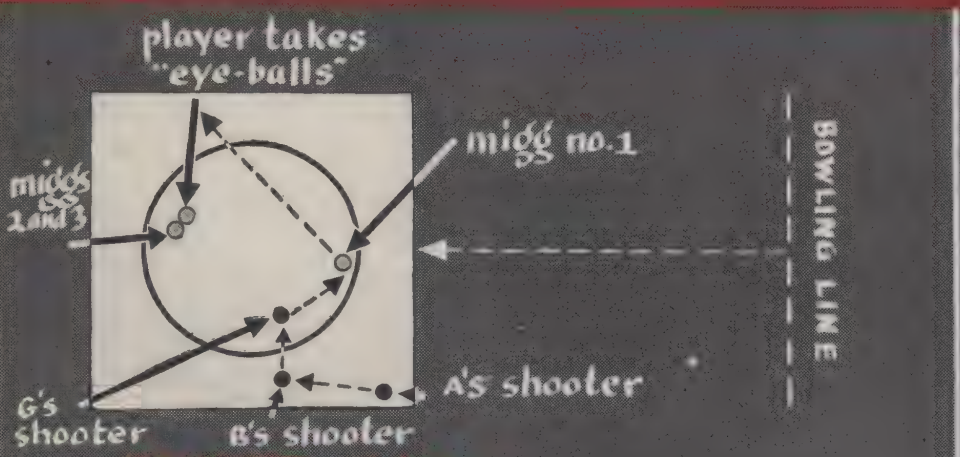


RINGER

OFFICIAL TOURNAMENT PLAY. Thirteen marbles are set criss-cross in a 10 ft. ring. Players "lag" for first. If shooter rolls out of the ring after a hit, player takes "roundsters" shooting from any point on the ring line.

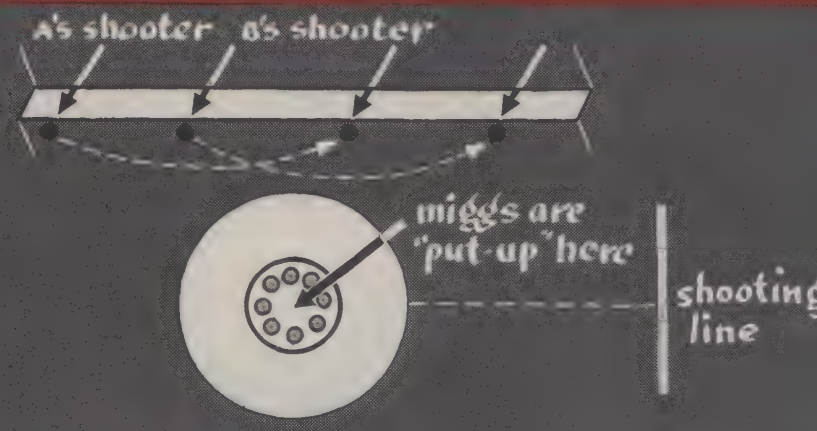
THE LID IS TOO BUMPY to "knuckle down," so kids "hyst," keeping their shooting hand off the ground. In most marble games "hysting" is against the rules. A player keeps on shooting till he misses, but miggs have to be knocked clean out of the center ring to be won.

THE FIRST SHOT is bowled from a line six feet away. The trick is to avoid getting your shooter stuck in the inner ring because that costs you your turn. Kids bowl hard, think hitting a migg on a bowling shot is just pure luck. After bowling, play begins in earnest.



SEWER-LID

PLAYER A HITS PLAYER B's SHOOTER and then connects on player G's. After that, he's all set to try for migg No. 1. If he hits it, he can try a straight shot across the ring at miggs 2 and 3, but in this game, player A decided to try for "eyeballs" or a winning double hit.



KILLER

KILLER IS PLAYED along the curb. Player puts up a marble each time his shooter is hit. When eight marbles are "up," they are put in the center of a ring. Ringer or sewer-lid follows. This game is always "for keeps."

"EYEBALLS" IS TRIED when two marbles are stuck together in the ring. The player stands, holding his shooter over his closed eyelid, aiming with his other eye. There's always a crowd around to see that he doesn't cheat. This game was "for fair," so kids divvy up at the end.

GIRL STRIKES POSE; BOY SNAPS GIRL—AND IT'S THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE.

MAKE-UP FOR *Snapshot Queens*

VACATION-TIME is picture-taking time. You may be pretty as a picture in real life and still photograph badly. If you want to click with the camera, take a lesson from Hollywood. Silver screen glamour girls use photographic make-up to give a smooth luminous quality to the face. This pretty-pretty process is photographically more effective than ordinary street make-up because the brown tone used for the foundation base photographs as natural skin. Ordinary street make-up is too light and pink. Photographic make-up creates the illusion of narrowing down prominent features or highlighting good ones, and brings out the whiteness of the eyes. While the camera doesn't lie, the proper make-up helps it tell the truth.

ORDINARY STREET MAKE-UP CANNOT HIDE BLEMISHES THAT FILM LIGHTING REVEALS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP COVERS DISCOLORATIONS AND FLATTERS FACIAL CONTOURS.

SELECT FOUNDATION BASE COLOR according to your complexion. Apply it sparingly in light dabs on the forehead, cheeks, nose and chin.

SMOOTH OVER THE ENTIRE FACE and neck lightly without rubbing in, for the base should remain on the skin's surface. Blend shadows softly.

USE MASCARA ON THE UPPER LIDS only, applying it lightly to avoid caking. If you use shadow on the upper lid, blend it outward.

USING A BRUSH FOR LIPSTICK gives you a softer, smoother, more natural effect. You first make an outline of your lips, then fill in.

THERE'S NOTHING SO GRATIFYING as pictures that do you justice. This pretty girl no longer fears the lurking candid-camera fiend when lolling on a roof garden. She has the right make-up on, and she's learned by past experience that pictures come out best when you relax and act completely natural.

INSIDE STORY

NAZIS BUY BOMB INSURANCE FOR MANNHEIM FROM LLOYDS OF LONDON...VICHY-VASHY BEN SMITH...U.S. & BRITAIN FEED JAPAN WAR SUPPLIES...HITLER'S PRESS AGENT IN AMERICA

ALUMINUM SCANDAL

WASHINGTON, D.C. Today Americans are being told that to be patriotic they must give up their aluminum pots, pans and artificial limbs to make up for the aluminum shortage in national defense industries. But, according to Secretary of the Interior Ickes, the Aluminum Company of America is de-

. . . aluminum profits high . . .

liberately restricting production of this vital defense commodity in order to keep prices and profits high. ALCOA dividends go to Nazi, British, Canadian and French interests forming an international monopoly that keeps a stranglehold on world aluminum production. Last year, when Britons were being asked to give up their pots, pans and artificial limbs, *Friday* exposed the devious dealings of the Hon. George Cunliffe, Aluminum Controller at the British Ministry of Supply, whose company, Alliance Aluminum Co., was selling bauxite ore (aluminum's raw material) to Nazi Germany. Now, it seems, the bright aluminum boys are up to the same sort of game at the expense of American housewives and taxpayers.

DOPE MAKES DOUGH

LIMA, PERU. Controversy over efforts to ban chewing of the narcotic coca leaf by Peru's 4,500,000 Indians has been revived by a report condemning the practice, presented by Dr. Luis N. Saenz at a recent medical congress in Lima. Saenz cited facts to prove coca physically harmful to its addicts; the drug takes away appetite, leaving the chewer permanently undernourished. But this is just why Peru's big shots won't take action against coca chewing. *Hemisphere* reports that Peru's plantation bosses pay their workers in coca to keep them satisfied with their meager diets, and the coca trade itself is highly profitable to growers.

WAR PROFITS

Figures for the first quarter of 1941, says *Facts in Focus,* reveal profits of corporations working on war orders are 100%, 200% and even 1000% higher than in 1940—*after paying all taxes!*

HITLER'S LOCAL 'PRESS AGENT'

DETROIT, MICH. Father Charles E. Coughlin, fuehrer of Royal Oak, no longer conceals his admiration for the Nazi gangsters who rule Germany. His magazine *Social Justice,* June 9, devotes itself entirely to Jew-baiting and this sort of press-agenting for the Nazi leaders: "Hitler is often himself in the front ranks—facing shot and shell. Goering is an able air commander, actually flying his own plane and participating in the war. And the 'sickly' Hess taught the war-makers in America that the German war-makers can fly their own Messerschmitts and bail out as any common soldier is expected to bail out. At least, the Germans are superior to our war-makers in that they actually participate in the war."

UNREST IN BRITAIN

LONDON. While Nazi leader Rudolph Hess waited "somewhere in England," reportedly eating better than most Englishmen, sharp criticism was levelled at the Churchill government by Jack Tanner, president of the key Amalgamated Engineering Union, with a membership of 500,000, who declared on June 16, 1941: "Despite the fact that it prides itself on being a national government, the unpalatable truth remains that employers and bankers are really the government."

VICHY-VASHY BEN SMITH

WALL STREET, N. Y. Three Vichy financiers, who arrived on *Atlantic Clipper* at La Guardia Field on June 3, 1941, were met by Bernard E. (Ben) Smith, Wall Street's No. 1 appeaser, the New York *Herald Tribune* reported on June 4, 1941. Ben Smith has been extra busy these days conferring with his international contacts on the chances of another Munich—a consummation devoutly desired by Mr. Ben Smith and

. . . speculator and customs men . . .

his Wall Street pals. As far back as 1934 Ben Smith was running around Hitler Germany, telling everyone how important he was and how much he admired the "new" Germany. Ambassador Dodd noted in his *Diary* (page 270) that he met Smith in Berlin and Ben told him, "I am a New York speculator, but also a close friend of President Roosevelt."

MUNICH IN TOKIO?

MONTREAL. The Canadian Government's explanation of its wheat shipments to Japan is in complete accord with present British and United States policy of "agreement" with the Tokio Government in the Far East, reports the Canadian newsletter, *Trend.* At the same time Tokio is moving towards even closer relations with Nazi Germany. A Tokio spokesman in Washington told *Trend:* "No matter who's confederate we may be, we run a negligible risk and play for an enormous stake." Between July 1, 1940, and March 15, 1941, American companies shipped 157,534,350 gallons of oil to Japan; more than 53,500,000 gallons in the first three months of this year. American oil firms granted export permits to Japan include: Socony Vacuum, Cities Service, Tidewater Assoc., Union Oil, General Petroleum, Pan-Pacific Trading and Navigation Co. The entire output of iron mines in British Malaya is now going to Japan.

NEW TAXES ARE COMING

WALL STREET, N. Y. Heavy taxation of incomes "with main burden on persons of smaller incomes" is the latest dish being cooked up in Washington, according to the *Report for the Business Executives,* June 15, 1941. The poor already carry the major portion of the tax burden. Monograph 20 of the Temporary National Economic Committee shows that the lowest income groups, those with annual earnings of only $500 to $3000, are now paying 59.5 per cent of all taxes, federal, state and local. Says TNEC's report: "The higher income classes possess great income reserves above the needs and luxuries of life, or taxes imposed. In comparison with all other income groups in a democracy committed to the concept of placing the tax burden on those able to pay it, these wealthy people are highly favored."

LLOYD'S INSURE NAZIS

Despite alleged intense bombings by R.A.F. planes of the Nazi industrial center, Mannheim, the fact remains that the huge I.G. Farben plants, which cover an area over a square mile just outside the town, have not been touched. These I.G. Farben plants produce chemicals and powder for the Nazi war machine. Shipments from the Mannheim plant are still being received in all parts of Nazi-held Europe. Inquiries made by *Federated Press,* when an importer received a shipment from I.G. Farben with a memo stating that the Mannheim plants had not been bombed, reveal that the chemical and powder concerns in that area are insured by Lloyd's of London, Britain's famous international insurance house.

EUGENE DON'T WANT IT

ATLANTA, GA. Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, who has mobilized a special police force for use against strikers, and who says "we'll show 'em some defense!", expressed himself on the subject of democratic education on June 17, 1941. "I'm not going to put up with any social equality in the university system or the State schools," said Gov. Talmadge. "We don't need no Negroes and white folks taught together in Georgia!"

OTTO ON THE SPOT

NEW YORK CITY. Archduke-Franz-Josef - Otto - Roberto-Maria-Anton-Karl-Maximilian-Heinrich-Sixtus - Xavier - Felix - Renatus - Ludwig - Gaetno - Ignaz, prince of Habsburg Lorraine, pretender to the rusty thrones of Austria and Hungary, is in trouble again. Last time *Friday* reported on the doings of Otto (March 21, 1941), he was mixed up

. . . Otto (left) with Anthony J. Biddle . . .

with a number of Fascist-minded boys who are planning to set up a Hungarian Government-in-Exile to put Otto back on the old Habsburg thrones. Now Otto is being bothered by his equally royal cousin, Archduke Leopold of Austria, who claimed in a New York court last month that Otto has been getting big money out of Europe and refusing to divvy up. According to Leopold, there is a vast Habsburg caboodle being collected from Royalists in Austria, Spain and England which should rightly go to maintain Otto and cousin Leopold in due royal splendor during their U.S. stay. Of nearly $120,000,000 already collected, says Leopold, he has received only $4.62 (not even a five-spot) as "token payment" from Otto. So now Archduke Leopold is sore and is putting the heat on Archduke Otto.

PARTING OF THE WAYS

A statement by Labor's Non-Partisan League, founded in 1936 to back Pres. Roosevelt: "Responsibility for the wholesale sacrifice of government labor policy must be pinned squarely on the Roosevelt administration. . . . It embraced compulsory arbitration, perverted the conscription act into a strike-breaking weapon, deserted the unemployed, accepted a blanket condemnation of strikes, and, finally, ordered federal troops with drawn bayonets on strike-breaking duty."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAMS ... by hoff

with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. Gives stockingless legs eye-catching glamour and the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms.

Covers blemishes! Saves you "hosiery headaches", too! No runs ... no twisted seams ... when you "pour yourself a pair of stockings". Stays on for hours and hours! Will not rub off or streak! Waterproof!

Try "Hawaiian", the new Summer tone ... or one of the other 4 flattering shades.

MINER'S *Liquid* **MAKE-UP**

10c, 25c and 50c at all Cosmetic Counters

FREE Generous Sample

Send Coupon and 3c Stamp

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. 7-25, New York, N. Y.
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

Name_____

Address_____

Hawaiian ☐ Suntan ☐ Brunette ☐ Rachelle ☐ Peach ☐

REMOVE MAKE-UP THE "PROFESSIONAL WAY"

MINER'S *Theatrical* **COLD CREAM**

8 oz. tin *now* 25¢

At all 5 & 10's and drug stores

Who's afraid of t

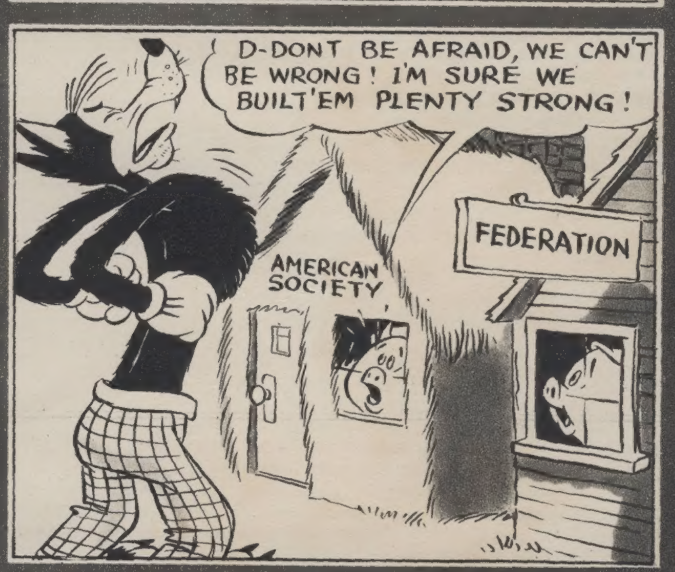
Walt Disney Cartoonists Lampoon Their Boss in a Comic Strip Drawn Especially for FRIDAY

HOLLYWOOD rubbed its mascaraed eyes last month as the people who draw Mickey Mouse—700 members of the Screen Cartoonists Guild (AFL)—went on strike in Walt Disney's "Happy Valley." Glamour girls and

SCRAM YOU GUY'S! HIT FOR THAT TREE, HE'S AFTER YOU! — AND YOU! — AND ME!
O'KAY! YOU'RE SAFE! BUT YOU JUST WAIT! NEXT TIME, I'M SURE I WON'T BE LATE!
TEMPORARY
PRODUCTION
SCHEDULE
THOSE HOMES, MY FRIENDS ARENT STRONG ENOUGH! YOU'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE! HE'LL FLATTEN THEM IN ONE BIG PUFF! THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! WE SAY, POO! POO! WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH WE'LL PROVE IT TOO!
FOR GOODNESS SAKE! LOOK, HE WAS RIGHT! QUICK, FOLLOW ME, WE MUST TAKE FLIGHT!
NO HARD FEELINGS COME RIGHT IN. I REALIZE THE SPOT YOU'RE IN!

he big bad Walt?

gags perked up the picket line. With cartoons like this special strip for *Friday*, striking artists appealed to the public through the funny bone. Behind the comic extravaganza lay real issues—the demand for a living wage, union recognition and elimination of Disney's three-year "apprentice" rule forcing employes to work the full period at weekly salaries as low as $22.50, or forfeit $3120 for "tuition." Strikers were solidly backed by fellow craftsmen, from high-salaried actors and writers to electricians.



Camera-shy?
Now You Can Take Such Swell Pictures!

Now at last you can get make-up specially developed for *your* black-and-white photography. Subdue bad features, achieve flattering movie-quality pictures and save retouching!

Hampden's Photographic Make-up is a complete easy-to-use kit for all your make-up needs. It comes in the new stick form with full instructions on how to use!

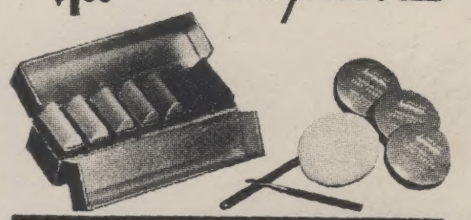
Creamy • non-greasy • blends perfectly • easy to remove • conceals minor defects • gives the skin a beautiful, smooth, satiny finish.

Save time, trouble, wasted film and have more beautiful, natural-looking pictures. Get *your* kit at any photographic store or from Hampden Sales, 251 Fifth Ave., New York.

Write for FREE Illustrated Booklet

$1.50

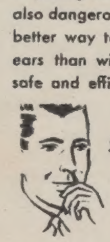
POWD'R-BASE hampden



PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.



So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

HOLLIS CO. • 11 Commerce St., Newark, N. J. • Dept. 232
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name_____

Address_____

A JOYFUL JULY AT CAMP UNITY

SIDNEY BECHET'S New Orleans Feetwarmers

A GALA PROGRAM EVERY WEEK-END

Swimming, boating on cool Lake Ellis; *tennis* on fast courts; friendly, furious *ball games, archery; riding;* . . . best facilities for sports favorites.

RATES $22.00 per week. $3.75 per day.

CAMP UNITY
WINGDALE, N.Y.
Wingdale 2461
For further information write to
Office: 1 Union Sq., N.Y.C. GR 7-1960

READ THE INSIDE STORY PAGE 36

TWO BOOKS FREE!

(Actual Value, $3.75)

Now See Why 105,000 Members Rushed to Join America's Amazing DOUBLE-VALUE Book Club!

Rarely in publishing history has there been such an instantaneous success as the Book League of America! It's easy to understand why: because this "Biggest Bargain Book Club" offers TWO fine books each month for less than you'd expect to pay for one! You get BOTH for only $1.39. Your savings average $2.50 every month. And you ALSO get TWO BOOKS FREE when you become a member. Here's all YOU have to do to join:—

ACCEPT these TWO books FREE now! *Raleigh's Eden*, a powerful, 662-page saga of the Carolinas during our glorious Revolution—a best-seller everywhere at $2.75; AND ALSO the *Best-Known Works of ZOLA* — France's frankest, most daring realist!

And then every month, you get two MORE great books for your library — at only $1.39 for BOTH!

Now you can see why the whole country has so enthusiastically praised the Book League's two-book distribution plan — why it ALREADY has a membership of 105,000! One book is a current smash-hit best-seller *(like Raleigh's Eden)* — a book selling by the thousands at $2.00 to $3.00! The OTHER book, in handsome, uniform Book League binding, is a work of great literature (like this *Zola* volume) — a lifetime masterpiece like *The Way of All Flesh, Thais, Wuthering Heights, Pride and Prejudice, Best-Known Works of Maupassant, Madame Bovary*, and others.

Build TWO Libraries for LESS Than the Cost of ONE!

Thus members keep up with the *modern* books everyone is talking about, by famous authors like Sinclair Lewis, Vicki Baum, Somerset Maugham, Kathleen Norris, Edna Ferber. And at the same time, on another shelf in their library, they collect, in richly bound editions, the greatest works of the most renowned authors of *all time* — Maupassant, Stevenson, Hugo, Voltaire, Emerson, Poe, Dumas, and the rest!

And the cost to members, each month, is only $1.39 — *not* for *each* of these remarkable books, but for *BOTH!* About four cents a day — and each penny does *double duty!*

INGLIS FLE
Raleigh's Eden
Best-Seller
from Coast to Coast
RALEIGH'S EDEN
Regular Price, $2.75
"Vital in every scene . . . a stirring drama . . . vivid, brilliant"—N.Y. Herald Tribune
FREE! This fiery, colorful novel of colonial days! The story of North Carolina's blooded aristocracy, who lived in fine manor houses, sent their sons to England's famous schools, pampered their wives with lavish, extravagant wardrobes. But underneath their soft lives and easy living were men with souls of iron (like Adam Rutledge) who prized their liberties more dearly than life itself. And women (like Mary Warden) with unquenchable spirit — who loved passionately, who fought tyranny shoulder to shoulder with rough farmers and brawny backwoodsmen. Over one hundred characters swarm through this resplendent tale—brazen pirates, Tory generals, Yankee sea captains, seductive slave girls, sharp Scots planters, and farmers—every one keenly alive with the zest of America's first defense of its democratic way of life. Here is a big, lusty, romantic novel, vitally significant for every American today!
BEST KNOWN WORKS OF ZOLA
The Best-Known Works of
ZOLA
FREE! This great volume contains (together with other Zola masterpieces) the famous novel which even Parisians bought furtively, and carried home under their cloaks — the scarlet story of the harlot whom Zola took from the streets of Paris and made into the immortal NANA!
Zola dared to reveal both the beauty and the sordidness of life. Even today he stands supreme in world literature for his frankness in speaking the truth at any cost! The recent moving picture of his life (starring Paul Muni) dramatically showed millions how he fearlessly championed freedom in life and literature — no matter what sensitive souls were shocked and revolted!
Now read NANA complete — PLUS the finest work of this great French realist: 3 full-length novelettes, all complete, translated from the original French. Includes also L'Assommoir (an earlier, devastatingly human picture of another branch of Nana's family, humble and degraded); A Love Episode; Mysteries of Marseilles; The Miller's Daughter (considered one of the most exciting short stories ever written), and many more.

Save $2.50 Each Month

As a Book League member, you get every month 1) a *modern* best-seller, by well-known authors like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Daphne du Maurier, Somerset Maugham — a book selling everywhere for $2.00 to $3.00. And 2) you ALSO receive a famous masterpiece of literature, *uniformly-bound*, by authors like Dumas, Hugo, Poe, Maupassant. The TWO books are conservatively valued at $3.00 to $4.00! But you get BOTH for only $1.39. Your savings average $2.50 a month. And you get TWO books FREE at the start, as a Membership Gift!

Here's Why It's Possible:

Nothing is sacrificed in quality to make this monthly double-bargain possible. But *everything* is gained by large production. The Club publishes for members ONLY. Therefore, there is no wasteful overprinting; and there are no left-over copies. Modern authors (thus *assured* of quantity sales) accept a lower scale of royalties. And publishers lend us *their original* plates for League editions, thus cutting the heavy expense of typesetting and plate-making.

SEND NO MONEY

5 Days FREE Examination

See how these savings make it possible to bring you DOUBLE book enjoyment at HALF the price. Let the Club prove to you that you can build your personal library from *both* ends at once — with modern best-sellers and great masterpieces of undying value.

Send the coupon now, without money. Read *Raleigh's Eden* and the *Best-Known Works of Zola* FREE for 5 days. If not then convinced that this truly IS "the Biggest Bargain Book Club in America," return these two books and pay nothing. But if they DO demonstrate to you that Book League membership is the most economical, most satisfactory way to get worthwhile books at unbelievable bargains — then keep them, and your membership will begin immediately, with next month's double-selection. Mail coupon NOW.

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. F-7
Garden City, N. Y.

FREE RALEIGH'S EDEN, 662 pages, regularly $2.75
BEST-KNOWN WORKS of ZOLA, 512 pages

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. F-7, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me — FREE — *The Best-Known Works of ZOLA* and Inglis Fletcher's *Raleigh's Eden*, now selling everywhere at $2.75. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to — and thus cancel this application. Otherwise I will receive next month's double-selection and each of the forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year. I will pay only $1.39 (plus few cents postage each month for BOTH books.)

Name ..... If under 21 Age .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Occupation .....

In Canada: 215 Victoria Street, Toronto.

☐ HANDSOME LEATHER BINDING: Check box at left if you wish to receive your twelve world's masterpieces (one each month) in genuine pin seal grain leather with silver stamping — for only 50c additional each month.